MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
Vol. 24 No. 6

Janet and Sharon

BRITAIN'S BAREST MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

VIEWING RECOMMENDED: OUR NUDEST ESTATE AGENT

PRESS GANGED: WHEN JACK TAR WAS HI-JACKED

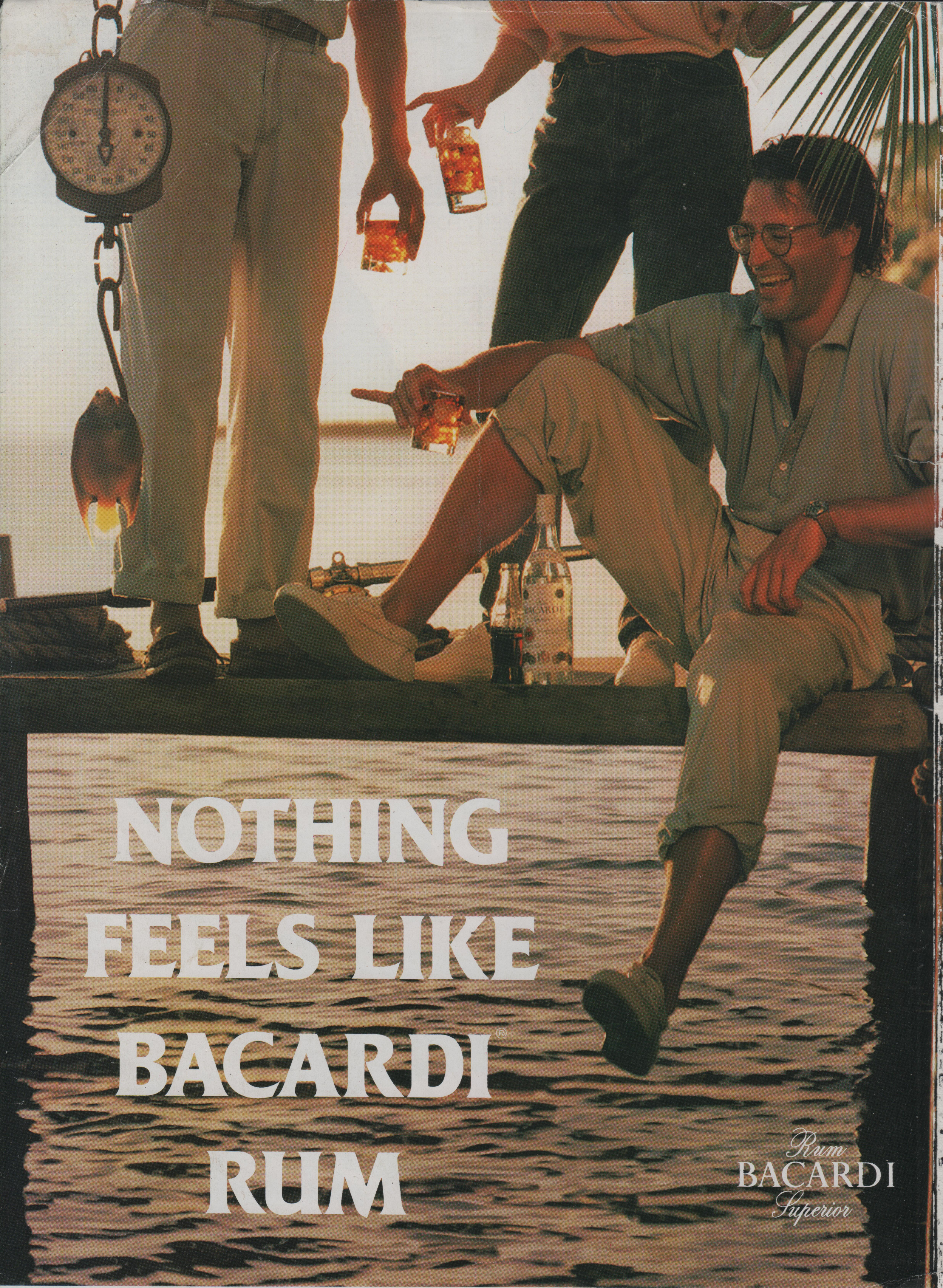
THE WORLD'S WORST ADVICE ON CONTRACEPTION

BRISTOL'S BAREST BEACHBUM

£1.75

N.AMERICA $5.75

AUSTRIA 80 SCH.
FINLAND 27 FM.
FRANCE 42 FFR.
GERMANY 15.90 DM.
HOLLAND 10.90 GLDRS.
ITALY 7900 L.
NORWAY 44 KR.
SPAIN 625 PTAS.
SWITZERLAND 7.50 SFR.



For your free copy of the Bacardi rum Drinks Guide write to BACARDI rum Drinks Guide Dept AA/MF/069 c/o Transom House, Victoria Street, Bristol, Avon, BS1 6AH.
BACARDI and the Bat Device are registered trademarks of Bacardi & Company Limited. 'Coca-Cola' and 'Coke' are Registered Trade Marks which identify the same product of The Coca-Cola Company.

MAYFAIR

Incorporating King

Vol. 24 No. 6

Telephone number: 01-242 1593

6 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DA
PRINTED IN ENGLAND

ABC net paid circulation 330,866

			page
SPECIAL FEATURES			
Press Ganged:	Hi-Jacked Tars	*P N Wells*	18
GIRLS			
Fenella:	Up-market gardener	*J P Burgess*	9
Stephanie:	Wyman's own	*Joanie Allum*	21
Janet and Sharon:	Mother and Daughter	*Jon Bernard*	39
Harriet:	Beach bum	*J P Burgess*	51
Charlotte:	Hot property	*Ed Alexander*	66
Lesley:	Bluest blue-blood	*Roy Brewington*	77
Sandy:	Caracas cracker	*Joanie Allum*	90
Susanna:	Moving pictures	*Alan Walton*	106
HUMOUR			
Gym'll Fix It:	Cartoon workout	*Anthony*	63
Inconceivable Practices:	Mirth control	*Richard Chalmers*	72
That Reminds Me:	Your choice jokes		83
INFORMERS			
Motoring:	Four wheel style	*David Oliver*	32
Quest:	Matching sexual needs		97
FICTION			
Just Desserts:	Eating out	*Sam White*	48

SPECIAL OFFERS **Toys for Boys** page 26/**Lingerie Collection** page 62 and 88/**Binders Offer** page 104

READER SERVICES **Letters** page 6/ **Photo Service** page 74/ **Subcriptions** page 82/ **Back Numbers** page 85/ **French Subscriptions** page 103

Feast your eyes on 18-year old Stephanie Bews. She's certainly no *Begger's Banquet*, yet Rolling Stone Bill Wyman managed to keep his *Sticky Fingers* off this former centregirl.

21

Whether it's a trip across the Dales or the monthly shop at Sainsbury's, four wheel drive is now a must for the style conscious.

32

Janet and Sharon Hall are usually taken for sisters rather than mother and daughter. So when Sharon began her modelling career, mother bared with her naturally.

39

CENTRE GIRL

Not every girl can give up her home, her job and her friends and then set off halfway around the world. But then Harriet is not every girl, nor every girl a centrefold.

51

Editor **Kenneth Bound** / Art Director **Kenneth Sims** /Assistant Editor **Clive Harris** / Features Editor **David Jeffs** / Photo Editor **Tony Murray** / Production Editor **Sarah Buck** / Editorial Assistant **Fiona Whitty** / Motoring **William Boddy** / Eating Out **Brian O'Hanlon** / Travel Editor **Ian Marlowe** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Chris Robins**/published monthly by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 6 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DA. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 95a Chancery Lane, WC2/Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 334 Brixton Road, London SW9/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Services Ltd./Printing and binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Beaumont Leys, Leicester, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/Copyright — Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., London, WC1N.

LOW TAR As defined
Warning: SMOKING WHEN PREGNANT CAN INJURE
Health Departments'

by H.M. Government

YOUR BABY AND CAUSE PREMATURE BIRTH

Chief Medical Officers

We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Please write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 6 Great James Street, London, WC1N 3DA.

What a Whalley

Many thanks for your splendid photo feature on the girls from *Scandal* in Vol 25 No 5. It brought back many memories of a film I enjoyed enormously, especially as the orgy scene in which so many nude and semi-nude girls appeared was over so quickly.

But what about pictures of the most gorgeous girl in the movie, Joanne Whalley, who played Christine Keeler? We did see some absolutely stunning nude views from behind in the movie, but I still treasure some mind-numbing glimpses of Ms Whalley's boobs in a TV adaptation of *A Kind of Loving* some while back.

CHL, Hastings

Delightful debut

It's always enjoyable to see the old established favourites in *Mayfair* such as Jane Warner and Tracy Neve, but what a refreshing change it was to see a stunning new girl in the shape of 20-year-old Yvonne Currie.

Delightful Yvonne appeared in the new faces section of Vol 24 No 4. She looked gorgeous in black stockings, and a frilly white bodice which showed her 34-22-34 inch figure off superbly. What made the set even more enjoyable from my point of view was that Yvonne's mother said in the story that she backs her daughter completely in her new modelling career. That's probably one of the reasons why Yvonne gives us such a happy smile — knowing that her mother is proud of her. Please can we see more of Yvonne in the future as I'm sure she has a great career ahead of her.

TJ, Warrington

Judging from the response we've had from other readers about Yvonne, we are certain she will be around for a long time to come.

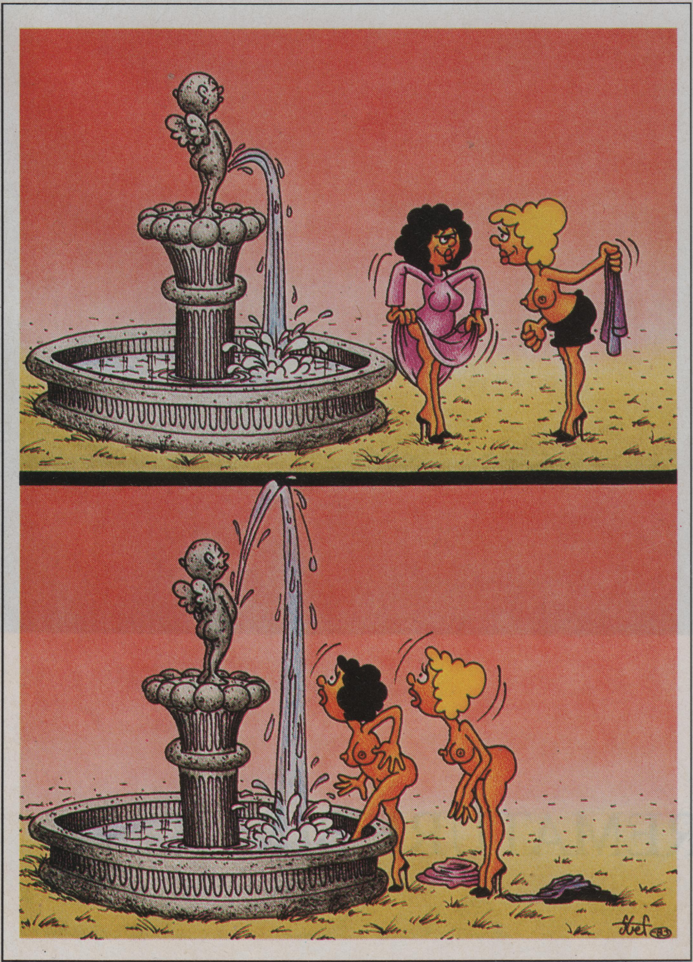
No surrender

The excellent article by Peter Congreve on the Japanese Samurai (Vol 24 No 4) is rather deflated by an inaccurate and belittling description on the 'surrender' of Lt Hiroo Onoda on Lubang island in the Phillippines in 1974. It is worth observing that Lt Onoda, with three other soldiers (one surrendered in 1949, the other two being killed in 1954 and 1972), was placed on Lubang in 1942 with the order neither to surrender nor to commit suicide.

The truth of the matter is (reference Lt Onoda's book, published by Corgi in 1976) that Lt Onoda refused all persuasion to surrender, including personal appeals from his family, until such time as he was *formally ordered to surrender* by his superior officer, prior written orders being received by him from Fourteenth Army Area headquarters. While it is clear from his book that Lt Onoda was not averse to ending his solitary war, it is even more clear that, without *direct orders* to the contrary, he would have soldiered on until his death. Far from committing the 'most detestable of crimes — surrender' (per Mr Congreve), Lt Onoda immeasurably honoured the thousand year samurai code, and truly represents the last great war hero, of any nationality.

As a postscript, the recent hysteria surrounding the death and funeral of Emperor Hirohito would have been greatly reduced had all contributors thereto had the same perception of Japanese Samurai thought as Mr Congreve.

Hew R. Dundas,
Hemel Hempstead, Herts



Past masters

Your pictures of Berenice Outram in Vol 24 No 5, were very much appreciated. Why was Coundon Court School in Coventry not endowed with such attractive pupils when I went there? Born too early I guess.

On the subject of past models, please, please, sell your souls or do whatever else is necessary to secure the return of Anne Muir from Vol 17 No 4. She must be about 25 now and blooming.

Incidentally have you forgotten that us bikers exist? Surely there must be room in your regular motoring column once or twice during the year for a classic bike feature?

I'm sure that the good citizens of Coventry would be eternally grateful if you could feature a photo set of Anne, and say Kawasaki's two-stroke bikes from the 70's, in a forthcoming issue, as it would keep me and my anti-social bike off the road for at least a month.

IM Nuneaton

Sex aid

My husband and I have been married for twelve years, and although we still love each other a lot, I have to admit the sparkle has left our relationship. This is all the more depressing because we are still both attractive and healthy.

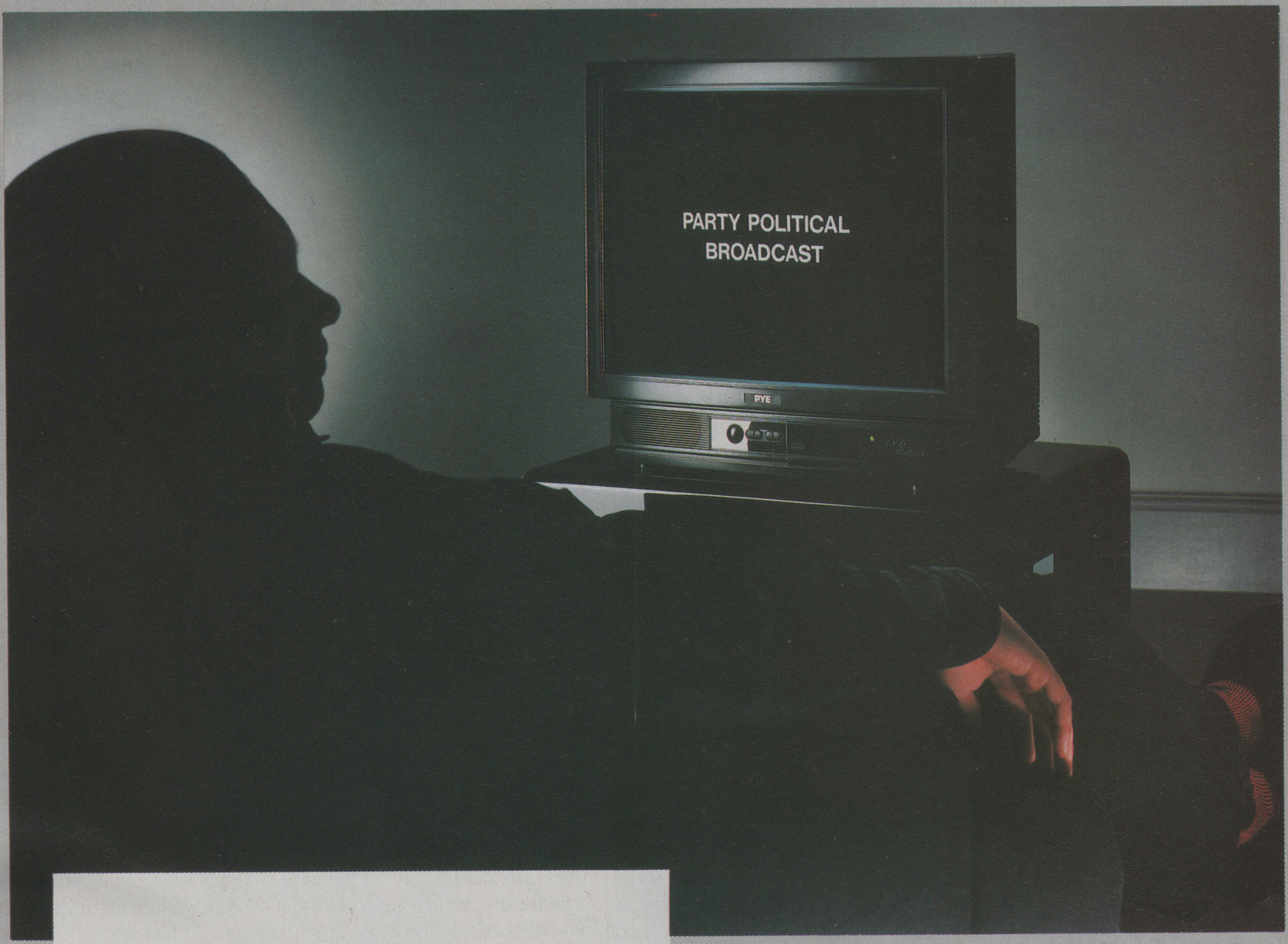
The trouble is my husband, despite being one of the most handsome men I've ever met, has become very safe and predictable, and, well, boring. Unfortunately, this has rubbed off on me, and as we both approach our 40th birthdays, our life is mundane. Friends I made at teacher training college wouldn't recognise me as the same girl who had a wild reputation. For a time my wildness remained, and my early married life was great, but it was gradually changed.

However, thanks to a new recruit at my husband's firm, our relationship has been revitalised.

Simon works for a home improvements firm who recently employed a new Marketing Director. Jennifer is 29, and brilliant at her job. She is also incredibly attractive, and has had the entire male workforce casting interesting eyes in her direction.

Jennifer has had to work closely with Simon over the last two months, and in that time all three of us have become friendly. I'd met her often enough to realise she fancied Simon, but I never let on. Last week, they both clinched a big deal for the firm, and Simon asked Jennifer to join us for a celebration meal. We told her to bring a partner, but she turned up at the restaurant alone. The night went well, and after a second port at the end of the meal, Jennifer invited us to her house for a coffee. We accepted her invitation, and shared a taxi back to Jennifer's house. After a coffee and a brandy, we

turn to page 8



IF YOU FALL ASLEEP IN FRONT OF THE PYE TV IT'LL SWITCH ITSELF OFF.

"The following programme is a Party Political Broadcast on behalf of..."

Funny how these words can bring on drowsiness in even the most avid viewer.

However, the new Pye 21" colour TV will switch off when you do.

It can be pre-set to switch off up to 90 minutes in advance or automatically just 15 minutes after a station closes down.

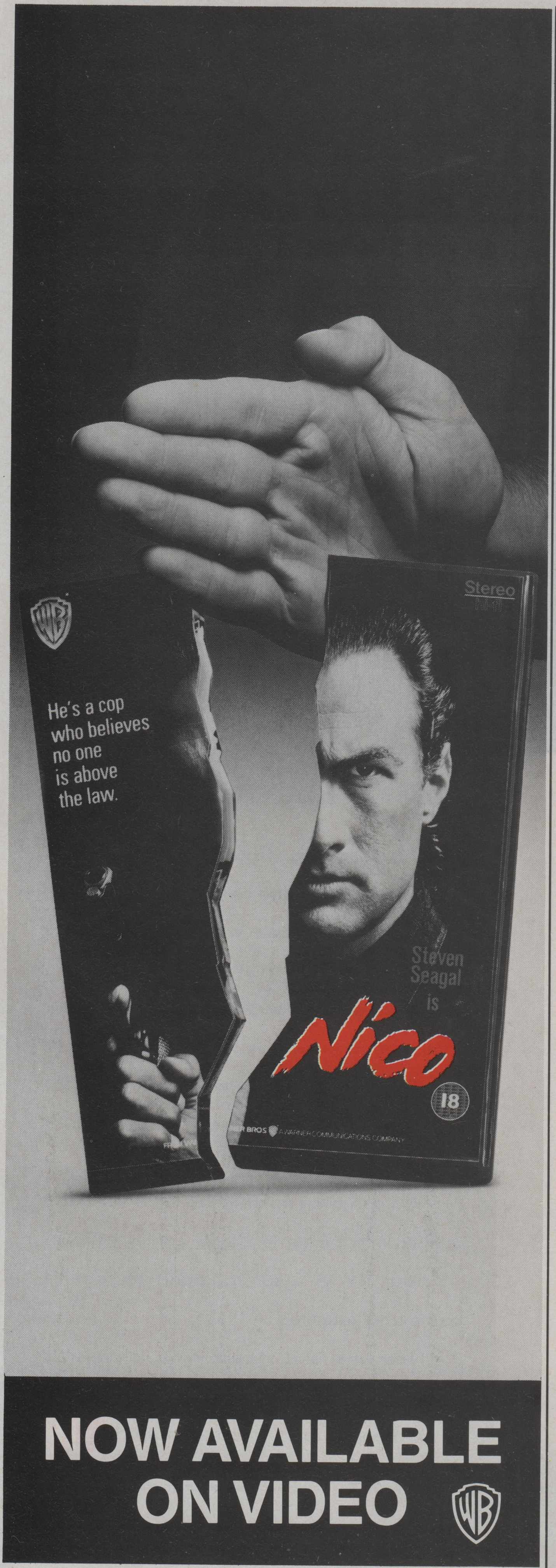
You can even operate the TV, a VCR and teletext with the same remote control handset.

Your TV is also equipped to receive cable and satellite.

Now what sort of person could possibly remain unimpressed by such a versatile TV?

A monster raving loony perhaps?

Featured model £319.99 or £369.99 with teletext. Recommended retail price. The Pye 21" TV is only available at selected Pye stockists.



LETTERS

continued from page 6

were all feeling quite merry, and tongues loosened. Simon looked embarrassed when I asked Jennifer why she was still single. It was as if he already knew the answer. Her reply was a bit of a shock, but something that I had suspected. She gave two reasons. Firstly, the only man she considered getting involved with during the last five years was married — she was talking about Simon. Secondly, Jennifer said she had started to prefer the company of other women.

I think she was waiting for a 'hands-off' warning about Simon, and disgust about her other admission. To be honest, I couldn't care less if she did prefer women, and found the idea of her fancying Simon quite exciting, and I told her so.

When Jennifer looked at me, and smiled, I smiled back, and winked. We realised before Simon did what was going to happen for the rest of the night. Therefore when Jennifer stood up, and started to unbutton her blouse, Simon looked shocked to say the least, and when I stood up, and also started to unzip my dress, he nearly fell off the sofa. Thankfully, he just accepted what was happening, and made no safe, predictable or boring comment. Mind you, he didn't have much choice.

In a moment Jennifer was kneeling in front of him in just stockings and suspenders, helping him off with his trousers whilst he undid his shirt. Soon, after getting my permission, Jennifer had taken Simon into her mouth. I felt very turned on by now. I liked the idea of my husband's shaft being devoured by this beautiful woman, whose body I found very appealing myself. When Jennifer felt me next to her, she quickly turned her attention to me. My breasts have started to sag a little, but I still pride myself on having a trim, firm body. Jennifer helped me off with my panties, and although I didn't watch what she did next, I certainly felt and enjoyed it as her tongue began to explore my body. I heard Jennifer gasp, and she nudged me slightly.

The reason was clear. Simon had positioned himself behind Jennifer, and eased himself in with one thrust. He told Jennifer to carry on attending to me, and I watched him, watching Jennifer, obviously enjoying throughly the sight of another woman taking his wife. His pleasure was reflected in the way he held onto Jennifer, and pumped away. When he came, Jennifer had a broad grin on her face, and looked totally satisfied. Slowly I managed to revive Simon, before straddling him, and grinding down on his awaiting cock. Jennifer knelt behind me, and started to kiss my back and neck as she fondled my breasts. We all got very worked-up and before long we had a frantic quarter of an hour where Jennifer and I took it in turns so many times with Simon we lost count. He was absolutely knocked out after that, and collapsed on the sofa.

By the time Simon and I got home, I felt as though I could sleep for a week.

The following day I got up and showered, and went to my parent's house to pick up our kids, and take them to a friend's house for a birthday party. Luckily for Simon and I, it didn't finish until 5pm . The reason for this was made apparent as soon as I arrived home. I had expected to find Simon still in bed from his previous night's exertions, but by the time I was halfway up the stairs, I felt Simon behind me. Before I had time to react he had unzipped my skirt nad helped me out of my big woolly jumper. There on the stairs, Simon told me to kneel down. I knew what was coming but couldn't help letting out a cry as Simon entered me. It had been so long since he had taken me from behind. After a couple of noisy climaxes, Simon stood up, and said, 'Let's finish this upstairs.' Immediately I flipped onto my back, put a leg against the wall, the other up on the bannister, and said, 'Let's carry on here for a bit.' He didn't hesitate to agree.

What can I say? Simon now acts like a man possessed. I certainly have a lot to be thankful for as a result of Jennifer's adventurous attitude to sex.

Name and address withheld

Happy man

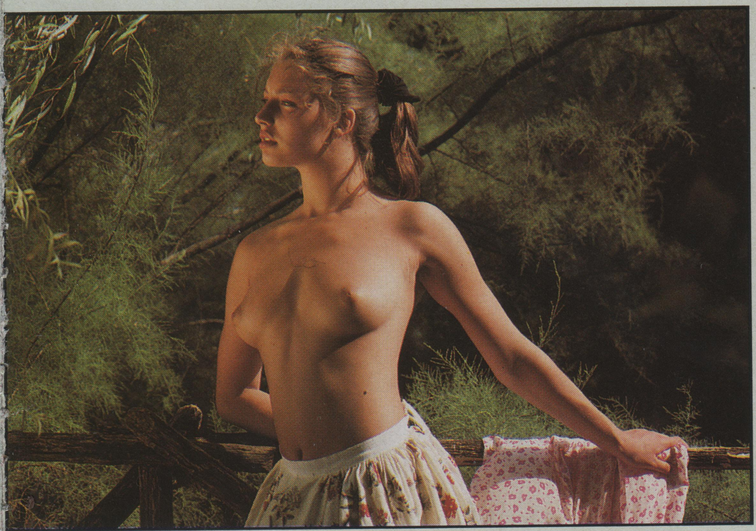
Never have I read a magazine containing so many lovely girls, all in excellent poses and very well photographed. I refer to Vol 24 No 4. Your new faces section featured Yvonne Currie. Wow, what a girl! Of course, what do you expect, she was after all born in Edinburgh. This was followed by Janet Massey. Never have I seen a firmer pair of breasts, and the rest of her is great. Continuing on, what about Nurse Clark! Remind me to fall ill in Glasgow. Page 51 gave us Annabel Stewart, who looked very nice, and page 69 Charlotte Edwards. Lynne Collins, page 87, made excellent reading while Patsy Thompson revealed all her glory on page 106. All in all well worth

turn to page 114

FENELLA

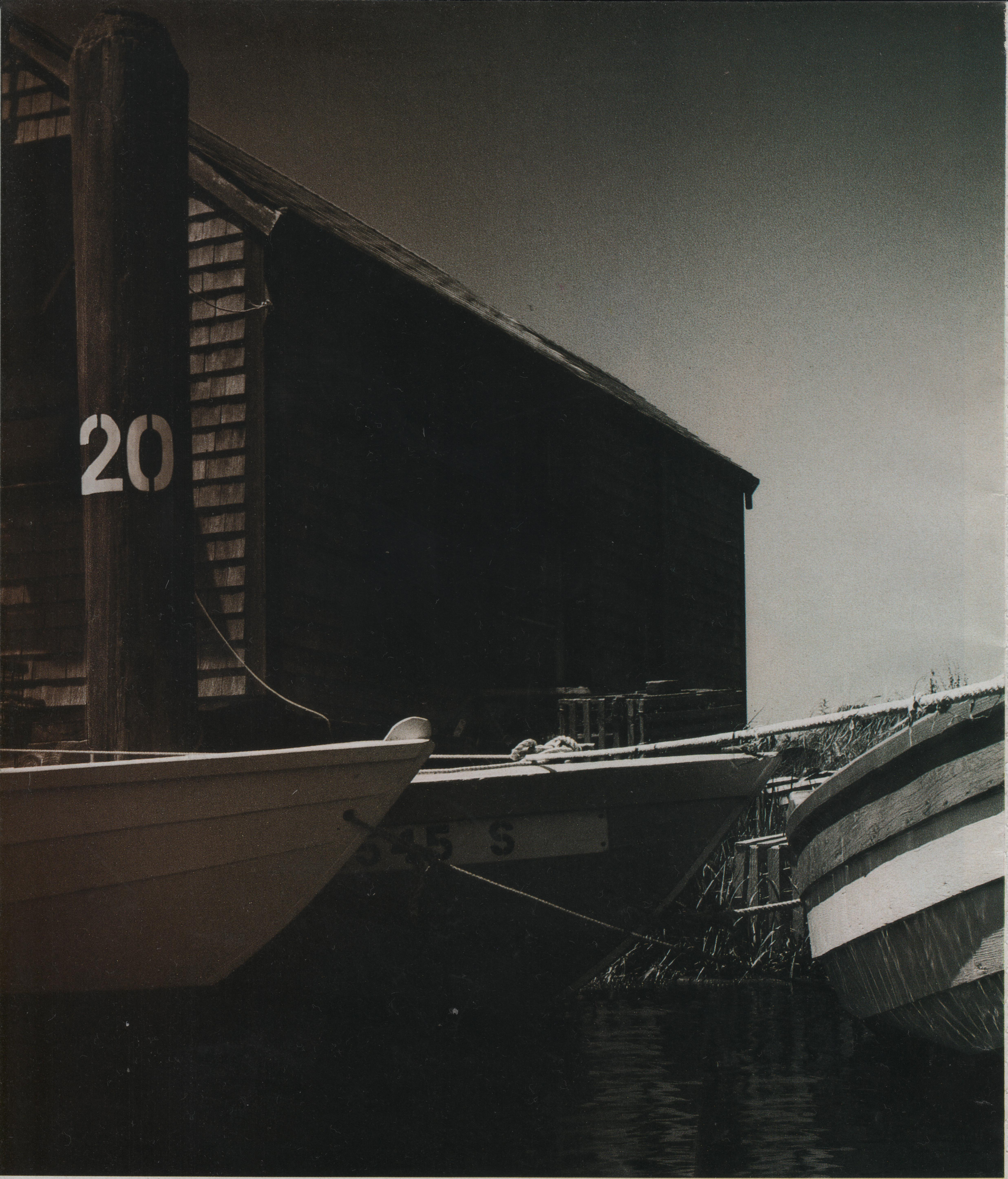
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN PATRICK BURGESS

Now summer has officially arrived, the first place you're likely to find 22-year-old Fenella Robinson is in an English country garden. Fenlla, a maid of Kent with a 34-22-34 inch figure, comes from Ashford, and manages a private health club. While the rest of us can be found sweltering in offices, Fenella's normally taking it easy in the spacious garden of her parents' picturesque country home. 'It's so peaceful, and the ideal place to relax in,' enthuses 5 foot 6 inch Fenella.

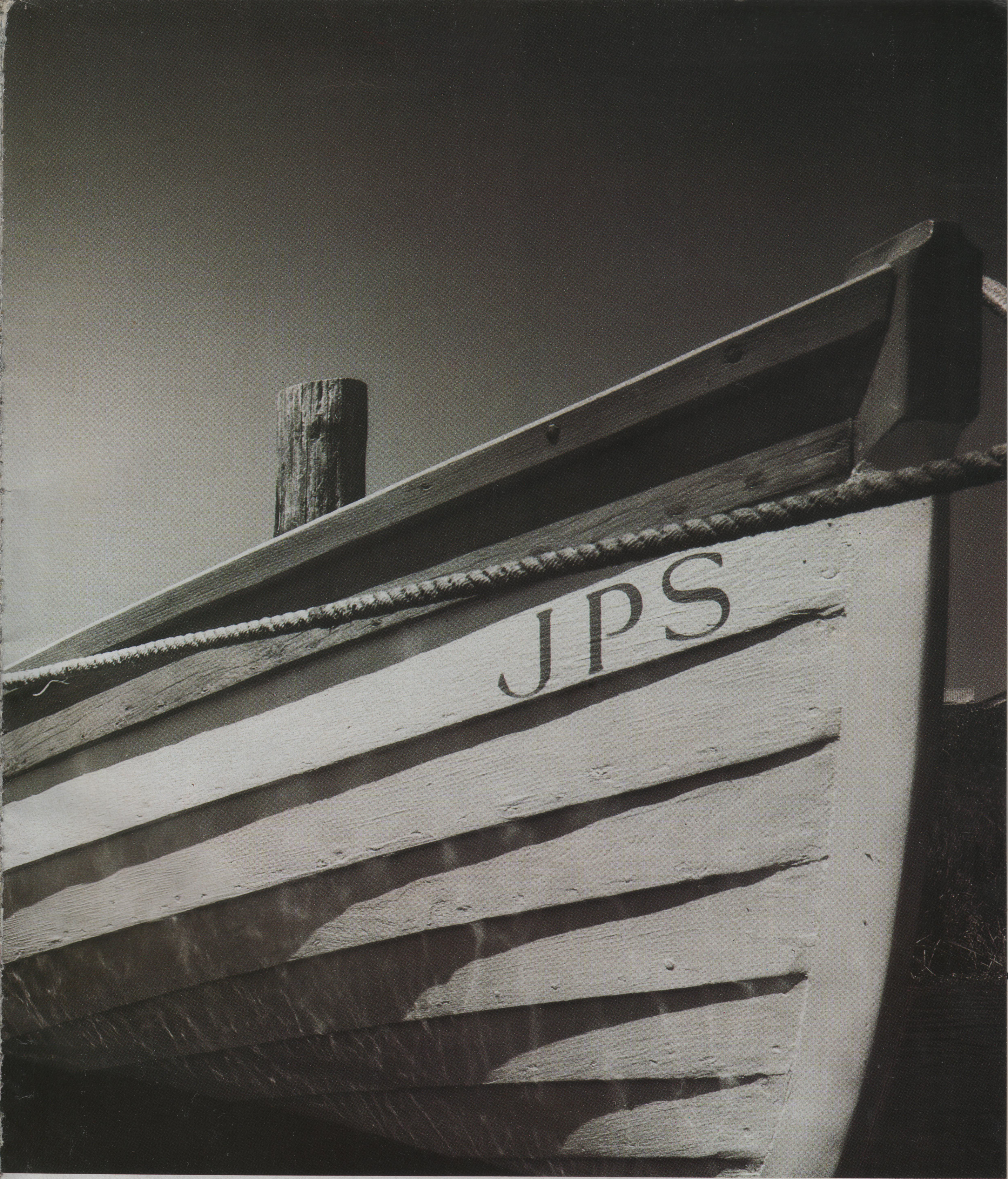


'I'm extremely lucky in my job because I work flexi-hours which allows me to work in the evenings, and have most days free to do what I wish,' she says. 'When I was younger, I never realised what people meant when they said that Kent is the garden of England. Now looking around at all these lovely trees and plants, I can see what they were getting at.' Spurred on by her family's interest in gardening, Fenella has now become quite an expert herself. 'At first I couldn't tell the difference between a daffodil and a dandelion, but now I could name most of the flowers in an average garden. My friends think my interest is terribly boring, but they never say no to attending my garden parties,' she laughs. Fenella confesses she is a 'green fanatic,' and takes a great interest in the earth's environment and the many problems it faces in the future.

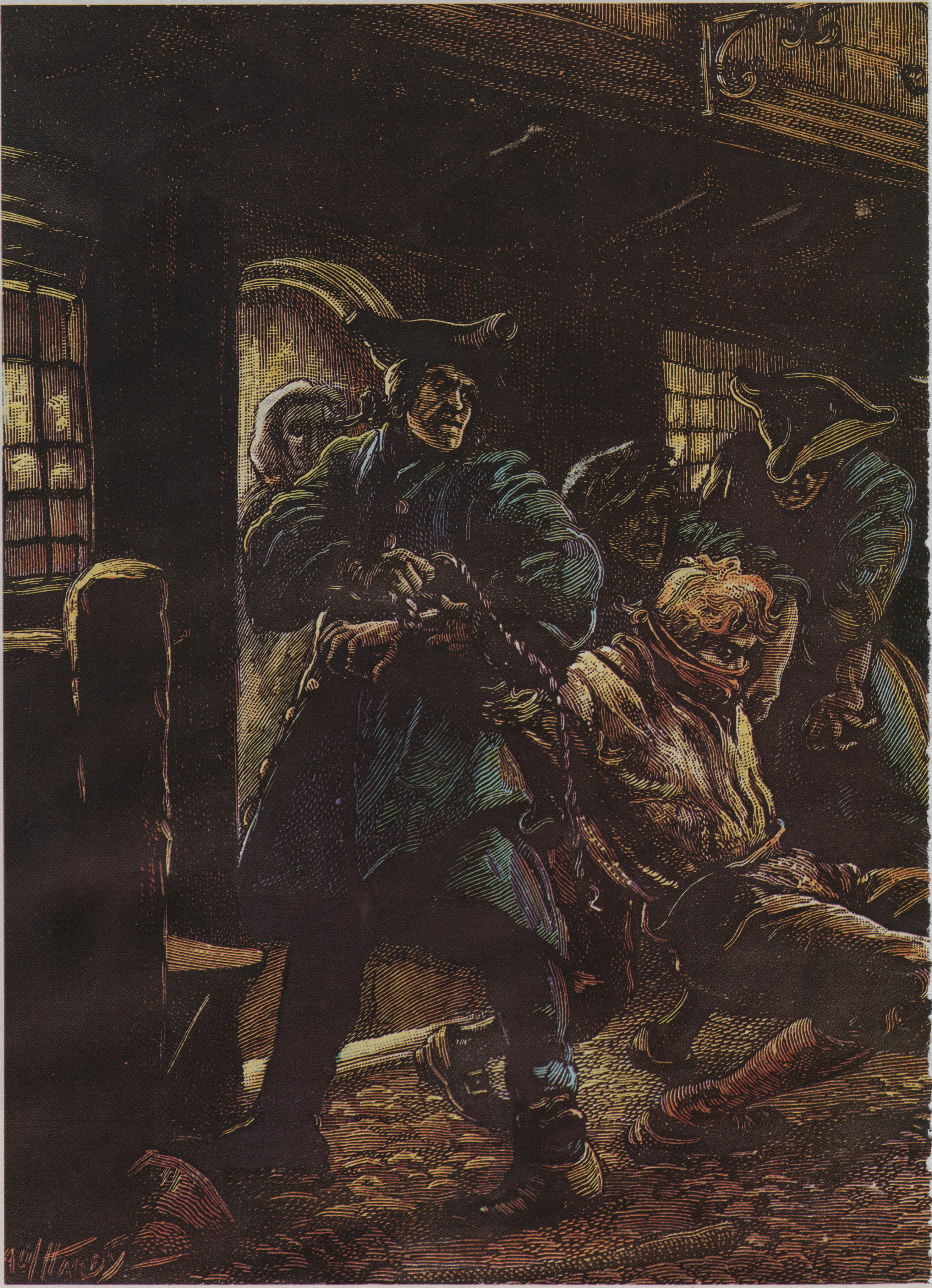
'At school I used to be into causes just to be trendy, but I really care about the earth, and everything that is happening to it. That's why I admire rock-stars like Sting, who despite their wealth, still care about places like the Amazon rain forests which are being torn down by greedy developers.' What with the earth, and her Channel tunnel protests, Fenella certainly has her causes, 'Where there's a will there's always a way. Never give in, that's my belief.'

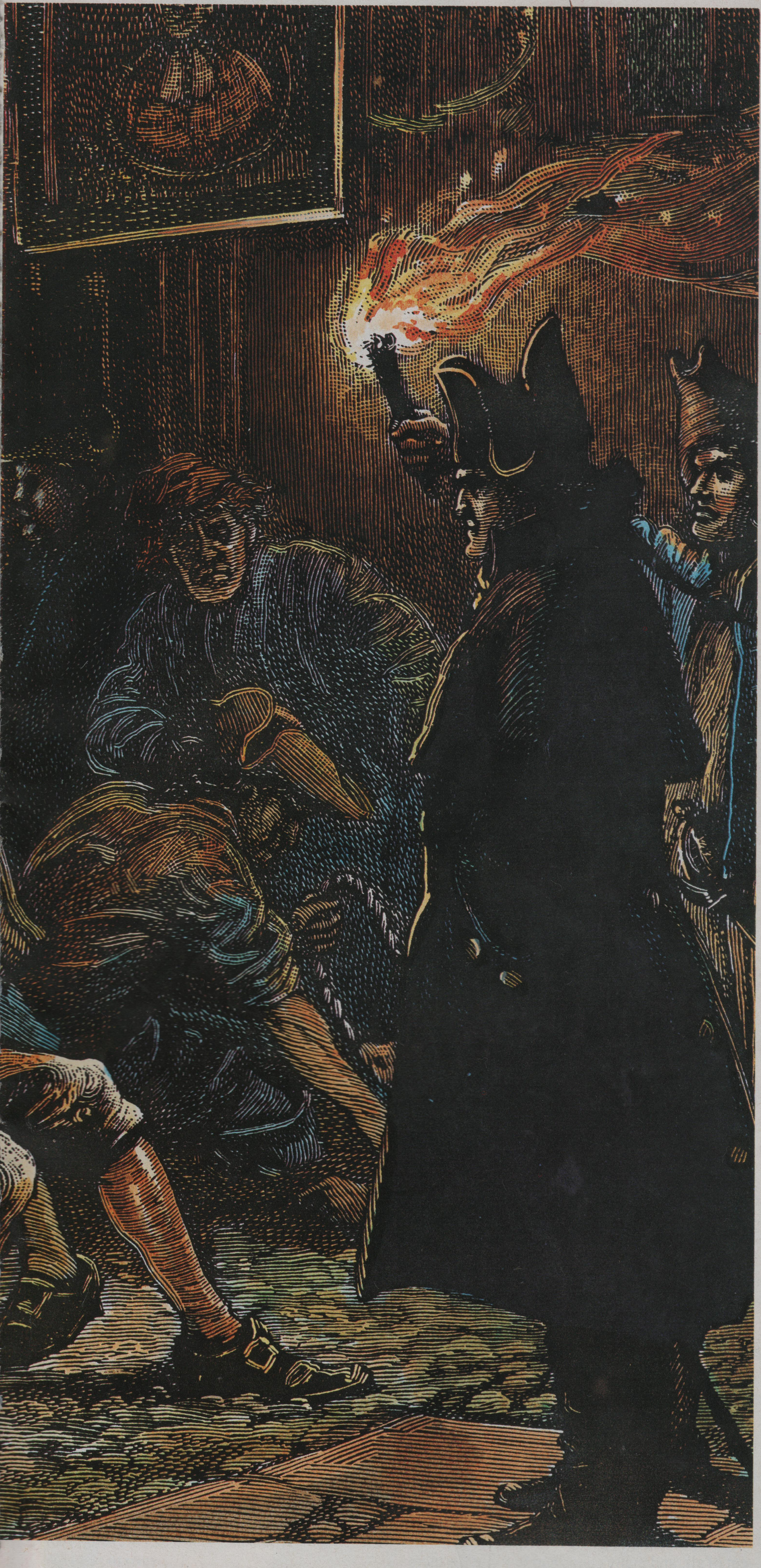


MIDDLE TAR As de
Warning: SMOKING CAN
Health Departments' C

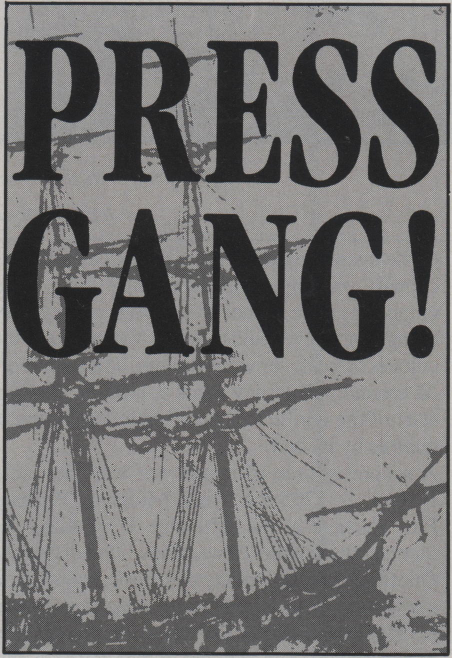


ined by H.M. Government
CAUSE HEART DISEASE
Chief Medical Officers


Hardy



In Nelson's day, the rolling gait of a passer-by was often enough to alert the ever-watchful Press Gang. Once taken, an able-bodied man had little chance of escaping the men responsible for stocking the man-hungry hulks of the British Navy

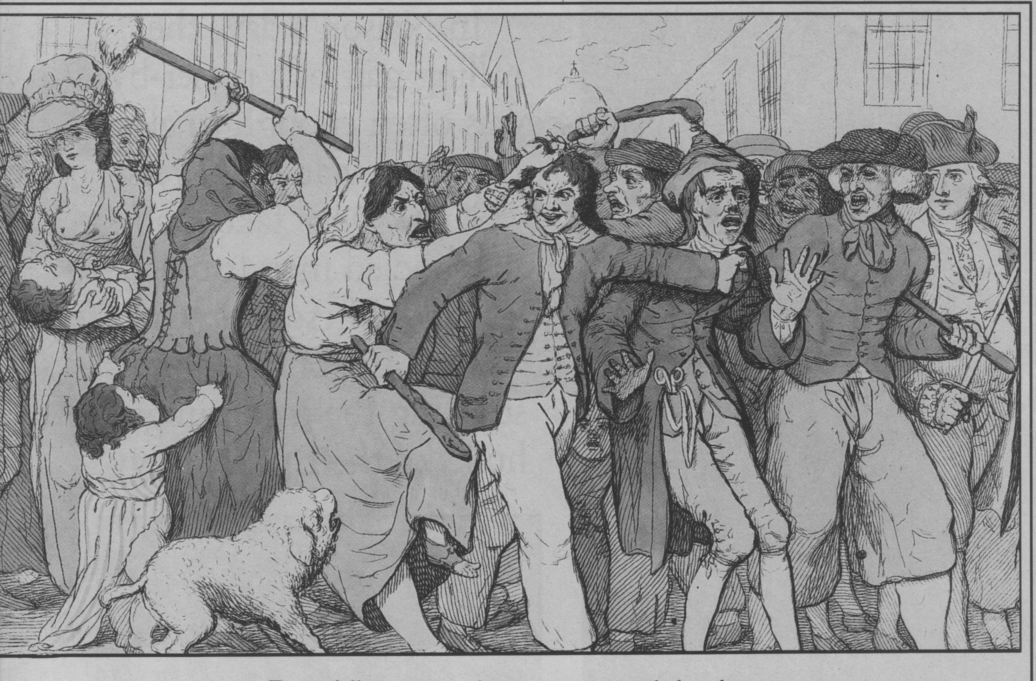


by P M Wells

'I have got a nurseryman here from Wrighton. It is a great pity that they should press such a man because when he was young he went to sea for a short time. They have broken up his good business at home, distressed his family, and sent him here where he is little or no service. I grieve for him, poor man!' So wrote Admiral Cuthbert Collingwood in July 1804 summing up, in a letter to his father, the personal tragedy of one of his crew. Collingwood's compassion singled out just one of the tens of thousands of cases swept up by the man-hungry press gangs.

During most of the wars with Revolutionary and Napoleonic France, which were to last from 1793 to 1815, France dominated on the land, Britain on the sea, in a struggle aptly described as 'a death grapple between an elephant and a whale'. France, in campaign after campaign, crushed Britain's allies on the continent but, in order to win final victory, needed to land an invading army in England. The French Navy, needed to escort that army across the English Channel, was kept confined to its own ports by the British Fleet. In order to save Britain from defeat the navy needed huge numbers of men to man an ever increasing number of ships.

The first way of satisfying the enormous demand for manpower was to seek volunteers. Posters would be plastered all over a district. They



Townsfolk protest as their men are rounded-up by a press gang, as depicted by Thomas Rowlandson

extravagantly extolled the virtues of a particular captain or ship, and frequently laid great emphasis on the chance to win prize money. Try though the navy would to attract volunteers to the colours there never were enough. They numbered around half of any ships complement at the start of the conflict, and had fallen to around a quarter by its end.

A second source of manpower was the quota system. In 1795 the Prime Minister, William Pitt, alarmed at the difficulty of manning the increasing numbers of warships, introduced the Quota Acts. Each county or seaport had to raise a given number of men. Many areas were forced to offer cash bounties for volunteers, sometimes as high as £70. The standard of men raised by this method was not high. One ship's bosun, after eyeing a scrawny recruit with distaste, picked him up by the slack of his breeches and informed grinning onlookers, 'Ere's a lubber as cost a guinea a pound'. Even with volunteers and 'quota men' the navy was seriously short of manpower. The only method left was compulsion and the press-gang.

Press gangs came from two sources; from men-of war seeking to complete their complements, or from the Impress-service. Although there was some overlap between the two they generally sought their prey in different hunting grounds. The warships sought to increase their crews by pressing men out of fishing-boats, merchantmen or privateers that they found far out to sea. The Impress Service supposedly sought the few sailors with the luck or cunning to reach the shore. In practice they were not so discerning.

Press-gangs from men-of-war seeking to complete their crews covered a vast area in their quest for manpower. The furthest boundaries of the system extended hundreds of miles out from the shore. A merchant ship, wearily inbound after a three month voyage from the West Indies or the Americas would suddenly find herself pursued by a frigate under a press of sail. The sudden crash of an eighteen pounder, the scream of a round-shot and the plume of water rising fifty feet ahead of her bow left no option but to back topsails and heave to. Within twenty minutes some of the crew of the merchantman would find themselves on the muster-book of the frigate. There were restrictions on the pressing of men from merchantmen or privateers stopped at sea. If a warship depleted the crew of a merchantman so heavily that there were insufficient crew to work ship it had to make up the numbers from its own crew. The seamen supplied to the merchantman were known as 'ticket of leave' men, and were supposed to return to their parent ship as soon as the merchantman had made port. Some of the ticket of leave men did fit the Admiralty's requirements of 'an equal or sufficient number of good seamen' but in most cases the lieutenant in charge of the boarding party supplied the most oafish and intractable men aboard his ship in place of the prime seamen he had pressed, and issued a silent but fervent prayer that he never saw them again. Many were the bones of a fine ship strewed along the shore all because of the lack of seamen to guide her.

The easiest place to press the merchant seaman was when his ship was inbound, and a few days from port. The sea provided few places to hide, and an extensive network of ships gave the average sailor not covered by exemptions or protections little chance of reaching land. The tenders cruising close inshore often marked the effective junction between the activities of the press-gangs from men-of-war and the Impress Service. Small craft of between thirty to one hundred tons displacement, were operated either by reliable men detached from the crew of a man-of-war, or by press-gangs operating out of the larger ports. Lighter armed than sloops or frigates, with six or nine pounder cannon, they were capable of bringing a merchantman to, but often found it prudent to give heavily-armed privateers returning to port a wide berth.

Furthest inshore of all cruised the boat-gangs. Working in row boats in the very mouths of ports or rivers, theirs was the most hazardous job of the water-bound gangs. They sought to take men out of incoming ships at the very moment they made port. Forced to rely on stealth to board their victims, they were often subjected to attempts to run them down as they came alongside. Securing to a merchantman was the most dangerous moment of all, and many gangs had to swim for their lives as a roundshot or the ships grind-stone crashed through the bottom of their boat whilst they were tying up to a previously thrown line.

Although warships, sometimes landed their own press-gangs ashore the land was more usually the province of the newly-formed Impress Service. Prior to 1793 all pressing had been carried out by officers of ships in commission or fitting out. This was inefficient, and often led to conflict between gangs from different ships contending for the strictly limited supply of press-able men. Upon the outbreak of war with Revolutionary France the Admiralty broke with precedent and appointed officers to full-time impress duties.

In 1797, four years after the outbreak of war, the Impress Service comprised one admiral, forty-seven captains and eighty lieutenants. With the aid of perhaps a thousand gangers they covered some fifty ports and major towns. Each gang was in the charge of a Regulating Captain. Working under the direction of the Regulating Captain were one or more lieutenants, and a number of midshipmen. These officers led the active and hazardous pressing expeditions, often risking physical injury. By its very nature the service became a dumping ground for officers who through inability, age, misfortune or lack of influence were unlikely to serve at sea again.

The gangers themselves were often the sweepings of the gutters. The ever present aura of violence that surrounded the gang demanded men who combined brute strength with animal courage. Landsmen in a gang were often local toughs who had joined on the strict understanding that they would not be pressed. They could preserve their immunity only by successfully preying on their neighbours. Seamen joined the gang to get a temporary respite from the sea. They would eventually have to rejoin the navy but they were given the privilege of choosing their ship. This was no mean concession — unhappy was the fate of a ganger forced to join a ship with men he had pressed in the crew.

Today it's not generally realised that the press gangs were only supposed to 'press' former seamen — and even then only between certain ages. Their evil reputation grew because proof of exemption lay largely with the victim — and the press gangs, anyway, ignored the rules.

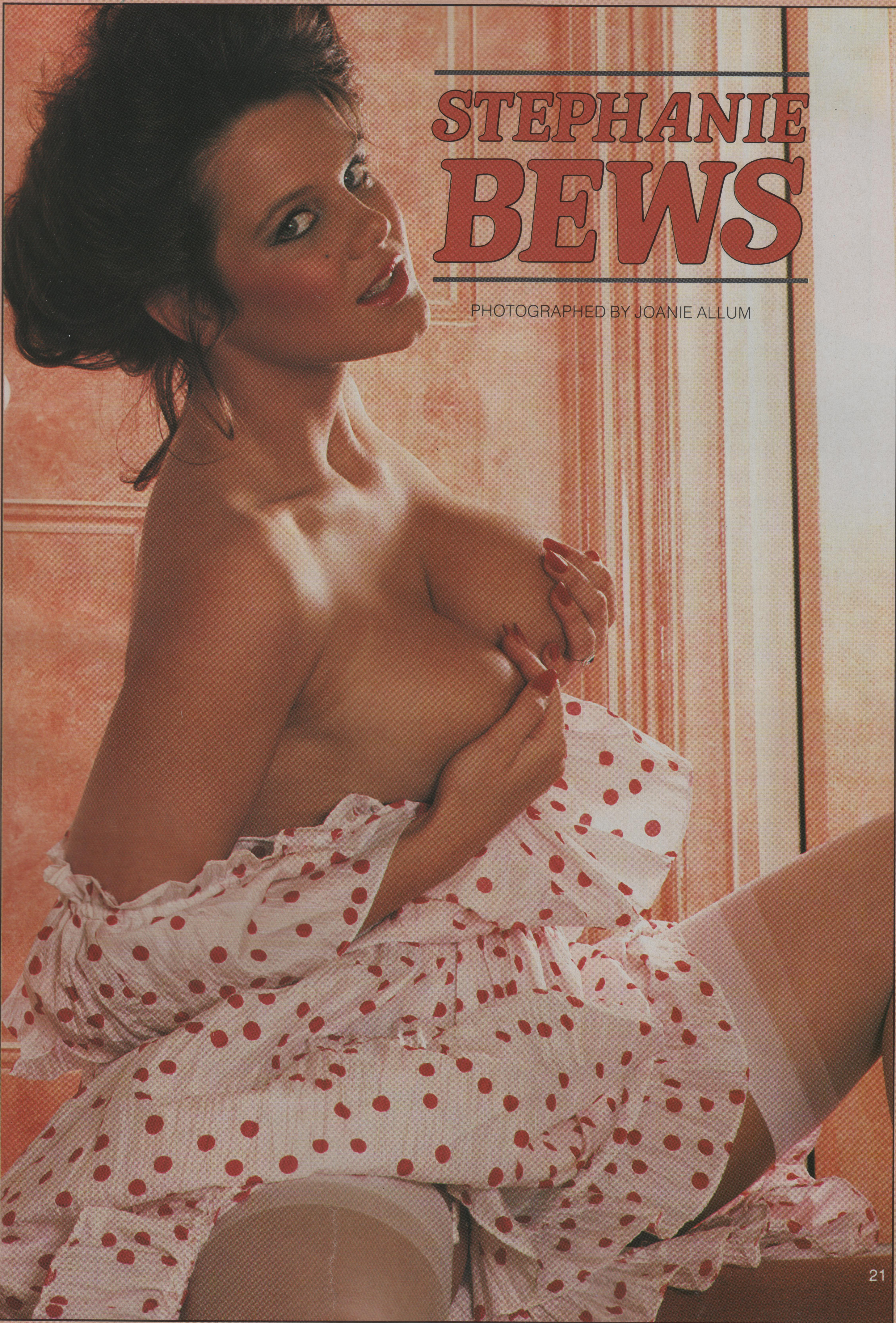
Shore-based press-gangs worked out of a house known as the Rendezvous, and the first task of any gang was to secure such a headquarters. Alehouses were the favoured buildings, the landlord enjoying increased trade due to the press-gang being billeted on the premises. The 'rondy' was marked by a Union flag displayed on a pole, the Admiralty allocating twenty-seven shillings annually for provision of such an emblem. In quiet areas the flag might last for years and years, becoming gradually an indecipherable black. In ports, where the gang was far from popular, the flag and pole were frequent targets of the displeasure of a howling mob. In King's Lynn, for instance, over £13 was spent in four years in a despairing attempt to keep the distinguishing flag flying.

Rendezvous were found the length and breadth of Britain. Every port, major or minor, had its 'rondy', and in most towns could be found the fluttering flag marking the headquarters of a gang. Being host to a rendezvous was not without risk. Whitby was a port traditionally hostile to the activities of the impress service. In 1793, at the start of the war with Revolutionary France, Lieutenants Atkinsons and Oaks were foolish

turn to page 28

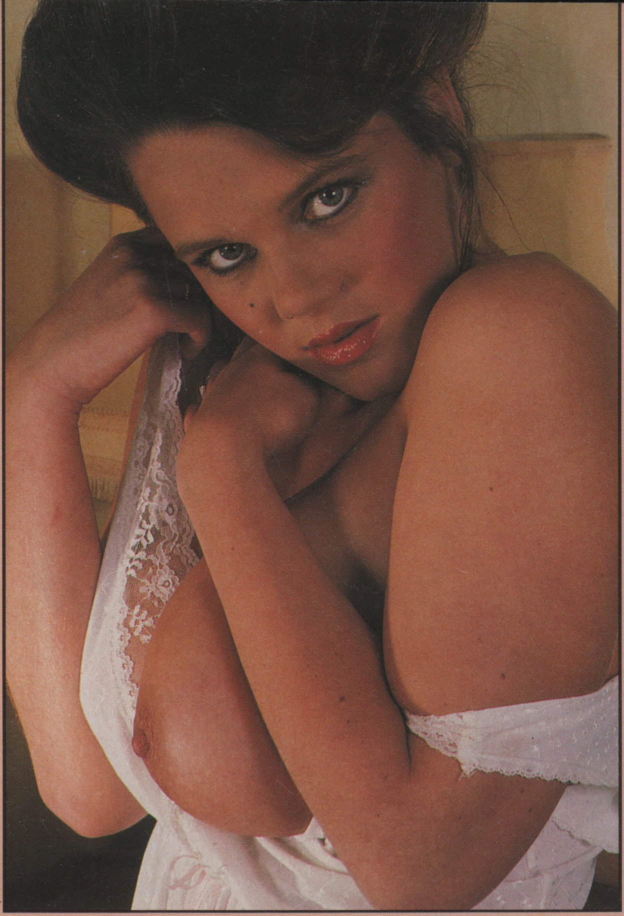
STEPHANIE BEWS

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOANIE ALLUM



BETACAR

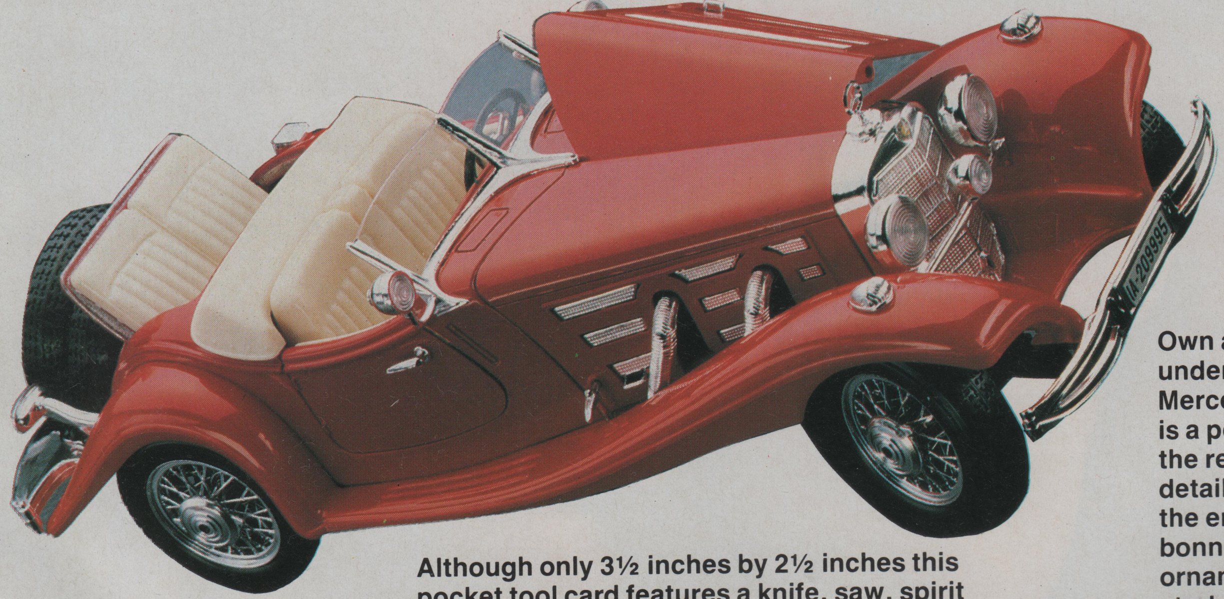
Like a Rolling Stone? *Mayfair* centregirl Stephanie Bews would have done, had the Stone in question, 'Old Bill' Wyman, not been about to plight his troth to former wild child Mandy Smith. As reported in Stephanie's last appearance (Volume 23, No 12), she got no *Satisfaction* at all from her brief liaison with Bill. After getting the *Come On* from *Je Suis un Grandpa* Wyman, the 52-year old bass player told the cuddly 37-24-37 inch beauty *You Better Move On* and showed her the door. Fortunately the door in question led to Wyman's bedroom, but the couple still never got past the cuddling and fondling stage: 'I was naked and I couldn't believe he didn't want to go any further. He was a real gentleman.' she told the *News of the World*.



Apart from her failed fling with Mr Wyman, Stephanie has been doing very well for herself. Her confidence has gone up in leaps and bounds since her glamour modelling debut in *Mayfair*, way back in February 1988. She has now appeared in a number of men's magazines and has a following every bit as ardent as the 'wrinkly rocker's' own. So, when it comes to Wild Bill's hiccups we feel we can have but a little *Sympathy for the Old Devil*. Obviously the imminent prospect of going *Under the Thumb* has made the former nine times a day wildman turn over a new leaf.

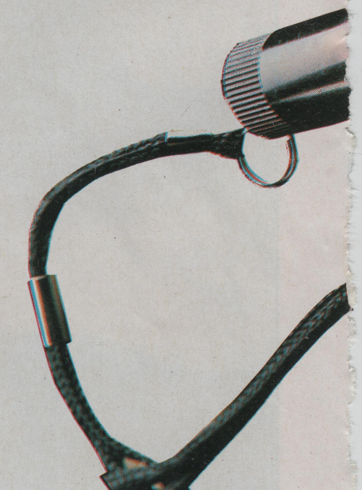
TOYS THE

Do you look blank when your girl asks what you want for your birthday? Perhaps she needs prompting just to ask. Or maybe it's time you gave·yourself a treat. Whatever the reason our hand-picked selection of male-interest gifts are great value

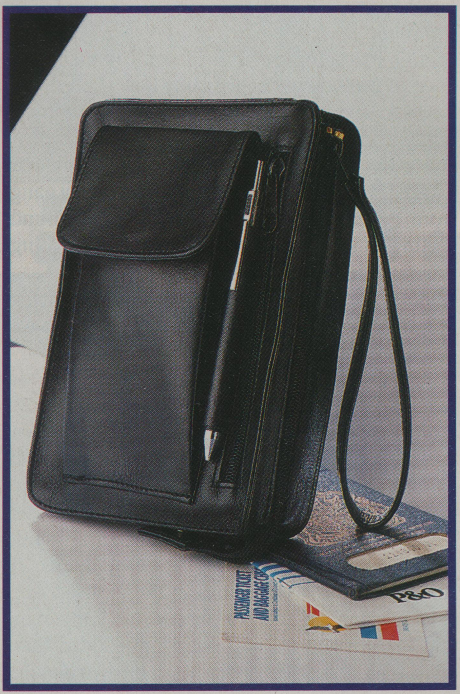


Own a classic car for under £15! This 1936 Mercedes 500K roadster is a perfect miniature of the real thing, finely detailed, right down to the engine under the bonnet. A perfect ornament for any man's study, this model is 1/18th scale and measures approximately 10 inches long £14.99

Although only 3½ inches by 2½ inches this pocket tool card features a knife, saw, spirit level, tape and screwdrivers £14.95



FOR BOYS



Datacard 8000 is an electronic personal directory for phone numbers, addresses and diary information. Also doubles as an alarm clock and calculator with an 8000 bit memory
£19.95

At last a place to keep your passport, tickets, currency etc when you're travelling. This leather bag for men holds everything you need on holiday or that vital business trip. The front-zipped pocket is passport sized, whilst the flapped pocket is perfect for sunglasses
£12.95

This hi-tech torch is 20 times more powerful than a conventional one and can be adjusted to form a spot or floodlight, although only 5 inches long. The case is waterproof and scratchproof
£9.95

GREAT MALE GIFTS

ORDER FORM

To: GIFT OFFER, Mayfair Magazine, 6 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DA.

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

I enclose cheque/postal order for £. . . . . made payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd. Or debit my Access/American Express account.

Please send me:
Qty . . . . . pocket tool card, price £14.95
Qty . . . . . Mercedes 500K, price £14.99
Qty . . . . . Datacard 8000, price £19.95
Qty . . . . . hi-tech torch, price £9.95
Qty . . . . . leather bag, price £12.95
plus £2.95 post and packing

TELEPHONE ORDERS WELCOME
RING CREDIT CARD SALES
on 01-242 1593 (9.30am to 5pm)

MY CARD NO. IS . . . .
NAME . . . .
ADDRESS . . . .
. . . .
. . . .
. . . . SIGNATURE M24/6

Please allow 21 days for delivery. If you are not completely satisfied simply return goods unmarked within 28 days of receipt for immediate refund. All prices include VAT and insurance. Customers outside Europe add £5.00 to total to ensure air mail delivery. All payments from abroad should be in Sterling (I.M.O.).

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR MAGAZINE, PHOTOCOPY THIS COUPON OR SEND YOUR ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER STATING ALL RELEVANT INFORMATION.

Press Gang!

continued from page 20

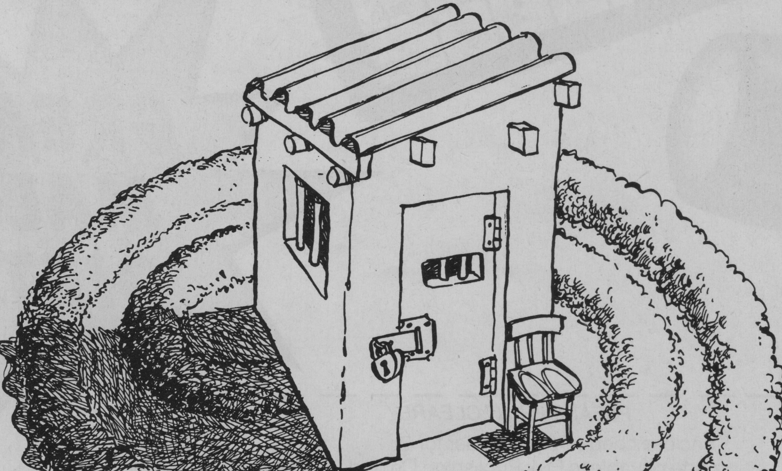
enough to attempt to set up a rendezvous in the town. It was with great difficulty that a house was found to serve, for all the landlords were justifiably afraid of the response that would be provoked. Eventually a Mr Cooper was persuaded to take the risk. The Lieutenants imported a gang from Tyneside, for none locally could be found willing to serve, and raised the distinguishing flag outside the 'rondy'.

At half-past seven in the evening of the following Saturday, February 23, a howling mob of over a thousand men and women descended suddenly on the house. The first the gang knew of it was when a furious broadside of bricks and stones shattered every window in the house. Fearing for their lives, the gang barricaded the doors, and grimly defended themselves with cutlass and cudgel. They withstood the siege for an hour and a half until the doors caved in before the assault of capstan-bars brought up from the docks. A furious horde swept inside the house, and savagely kicked and pummelled the gangsmen and landlord until they were more dead than alive. Their bloodied bodies were thrown into the road, and the still baying crowd turned their attentions to the house itself. When they finally left, there was nothing left of Mr. Cooper's house but the bare walls.

The gang ashore worked on foot, ranging many miles away from its rendezvous each day. They were supposed to cover all ground within a ten-mile radius of the 'rondy' but many gangs far exceeded this. The tremendous distance covered daily by the average ganger was brought on by the notoriety of the impress service. Once the location of a gang was known, the area around their 'rondy' cleared, as if by magic, of any person that fell within the categories that they might take.

There were a number of ways that the gang ashore might get their victims. Informers were one of the more effective methods used by the gang. Any person helping the gang to capture a sailor might expect a twenty-shilling reward. A pound was a considerable sum of money in those days, and it could always be earned by an alert observer. The sailor, by his very calling, gave himself away. The farm labourer was on the lookout for a man with the sailors characteristic rolling gait, the publican for a drunken man confessing he was 'three sheets in the wind'. The baker watched for a man tapping his fresh fare from habit to dislodge the weevils to be expected in a six-month-old biscuit, the tailor for a man in the sailors' characteristic trousers, seeking to buy a landsmans' breeches. A sailor on land was a fish out of water but not likely to remain long so. The other methods left open to the gang were surprise, violence, and the hunt. The gang would often have general information as to where a haul might be made. Justifying their reputation as 'peep-o'-day boys', the gang would often be on its way long before dawn. When the sun first peered over the horizon, the gang hoped to be concealed in a suitable position to snap up the unwary, and generally unknown to the neighbourhood. One favourite location was bridges. Often the only way to cross a river for miles, and with ready concealment to hand, they were tailor-made for a press-gang. The great bridge at Gloucester, at that time the lowest bridge over the Severn, rarely failed to yield a rich crop.

Violence was never far from the surface of the activities of the press-gang. If all else failed, a man in the grip of the gang always had the chance of fighting his way to freedom. Seizing any weapon that lay to hand the victim would turn on his captors, lashing out with the strength of desperation. If taken at an inn, a place often frequented by gangs, then the humble poker made a fearsome weapon, fracturing the skull of many a gangsman. One particularly useful weapon was the tar-mop. Found in all dockyards and used for smearing tar over the underwater hull of ships to give protection against the marine-worm, the tar-mop consisted of a five-foot handle terminating in a heavy lump of hardened tar. In the hands of an enraged sailor or dockyard worker it was capable of inflicting terrible injury.



'George, I'm afraid our compass turns out to have been a watch.'

There were occasional flashes of humour when the gangs operated on shore. Gentlemen were not pressed, but the interpretation of 'gentleman' depended entirely on the dress and bearing of the man seeking immunity on grounds of social status. It was unwise to provoke the gang by giving it 'sauce'. 'You have no right to press a man of my distinction', protested one such young blood. 'Lor' love yer', came the unsympathetic reply from the affronted gansgman, 'that's the very reason we're a-pressing of your worship. We've such a set of black-guards aboard the tender yonder, we wants a toff like you to learn 'em manners'.

Similarly unfortunate were Stephen David, Samuel Jenkins and Thomas Williams. They were three sailors carousing in Falmouth towards the end of 1803. When full of drink they invaded a local theatre. One of the turns that incurred their displeasure was driven off the stage by a hail of empty bottles. This lead to their swift incarceration in the town jail. A grim faced magistrate requested that Lieutenant Box, commanding the sloop HMS Blonde, 'transfer them forthwith to that floating stage where the only recognised turns are the cat and the capstan'.

Men unfortunate to be kept ashore were kept in a securely locked room in the rendezvous. The 'press-room' has been described as having elastic walls. No matter how full the room was the press-gang always found it possible to lodge another unwilling guest inside. The press room at Bristol in 1806 was but eight feet square and in this confined space, often for days at a time, were kept as many as sixteen men. Escapes from the press-room were by no means unknown. Mobs sometimes descended with avenging fury on a rendezvous and, after beating the gangers to a bloodied pulp, bore off their late prisoner.

A more audacious rescue took place in Leith in February 1798. The town at best tolerated the press-gang, and at worst was capable of raising a howling mob that put the gangers in fear of their lives. The press-gang had no suspicions when three fairly well dressed, and sober men approached the rendezvous, and respectfully asked the gangers to watch if they could be permitted a last drink with some friends of theirs who had been pressed that day. The gangers incautiously admitted them whereupon the men smashed bottles of spirits into the fire and bore off their friends in triumph, leaving the press-gang to fight the considerable fire that resulted.

All pressed men held at a 'rondy' or on a tender were regulated before they were transferred to the receiving hulks. The captain or lieutenant commanding the gang, often with the assistance of the local surgeon, examined his unwilling guests to confirm that they were physically fit enough for the rigours of service afloat. This gave a fleeting chance to an old hand to win back his freedom by faking an ailment. Some, with the aid of an accomplice, would rub acid onto their skin to imitate the symptoms of scurvy, others rub a farthing or ha'penny repeatedly over a small cut to produce a festering sore. One particularly desperate man was Samuel Caradine, turned over by a magistrate from Kendal prison to the navy in late 1806. He obtained permission for a last farewell from his wife. She came prepared, for, after a brief

turn to page 85

Faster than a Ferrari,

a Porsche, a Lamborg

Quite an achievement you have to admit. Its 0-60 time of just 6.7 seconds means the new MG will leave many top sports cars trailing in its wake. Thanks to the powerful 2 litre turbo-charged engine with intercooler and the smooth close-ratio 5-speed gearbox. And on top of all that there's uprated sports suspension, power steering and alloy wheels.

Mind you, it's not just the things you can't see that make the MG so racey.

CAR SHOWN: MG MAESTRO TURBO. PRICE £12.999. PRICE CORRECT AT TIME OF GOING TO PRESS EXCLUDING NUMBER PLATES AND DELIVERY. PERFORMANCE CLAIMS; MG (MANUFACTURERS' DATA), FERRARI MONDIAL 7.4 SECONDS,

hini, a Lotus, an Aston

It comes complete with low profile tyres, tinted glass, electric front windows, a sun-roof, sports seats and a four speaker stereo.

In fact, everything you'd expect from a high performance sports car with one exception, the high price. The MG Turbo comes for just £12,999.

Or seen another way, a lot less than a Ferrari, a Porsche, a Lamborghini, a Lotus, an Aston . . .

MG TURBO

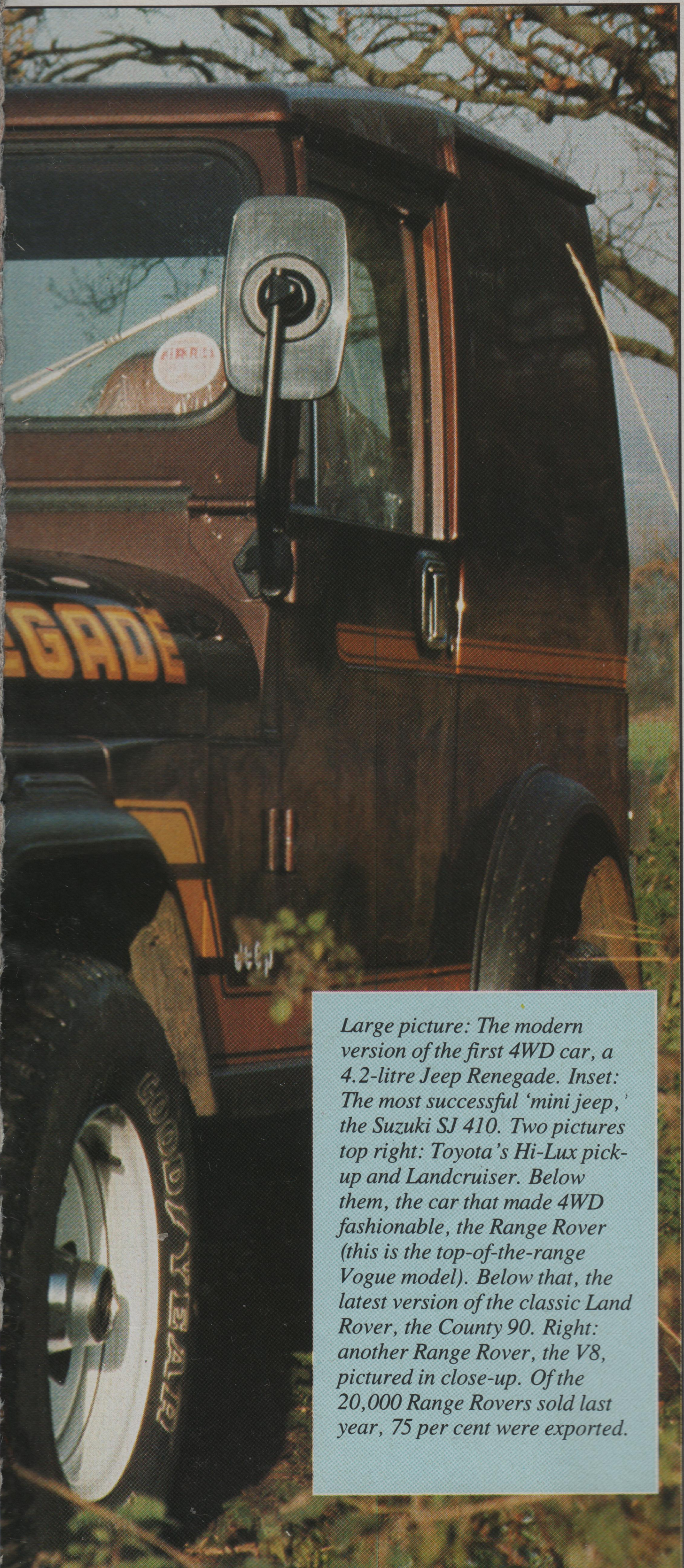
LAMBORGHINI JALPA 7.0 SECONDS, LOTUS EXCEL SE 6.8 SECONDS, ASTON MARTIN V8 VOLANTE 7.0 SECONDS (MANUFACTURERS' DATA AS QUOTED IN WHAT CAR?). PORSCHE 944 7.1 SECONDS. (WHAT CAR? TEST),

Since the launch of the Range Rover in the 1970s, four-wheel-drive is no longer just for the Army jeep or the farmer's Land Rover. Today it's the fashionable optional extra on everything from a three-door hatchback to a miniature go-anywhere truck

Fashion is Four Wheel Drive

Photographed and described by David Oliver

Four-wheel-drive has become *the* fashion accessory for the status-conscious motorist. It's said by the converted that no driver worth his Gucci gloves would take to the road in anything without a 4WD or 4x4 logo on the back. And now, there is an astonishing variety of vehicles to choose from, ranging from a three-door hatchback to a small truck, so anyone can join in. The fashion started in the early 1970s with the introduction of the Range Rover, the first go-anywhere vehicle to incorporate any hint of luxury or style. But off-road vehicles have

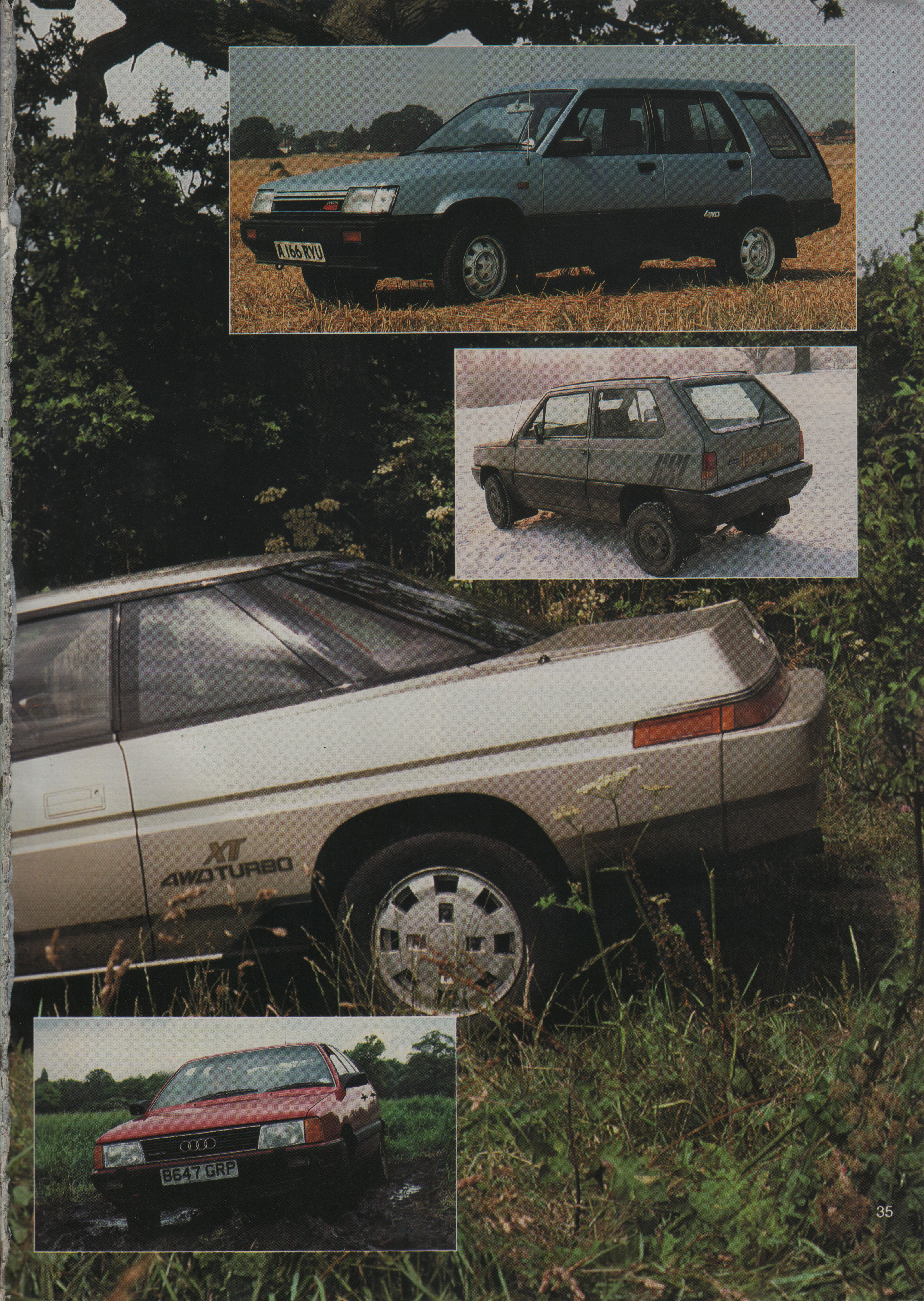


Large picture: The modern version of the first 4WD car, a 4.2-litre Jeep Renegade. Inset: The most successful 'mini jeep,' the Suzuki SJ 410. Two pictures top right: Toyota's Hi-Lux pick-up and Landcruiser. Below them, the car that made 4WD fashionable, the Range Rover (this is the top-of-the-range Vogue model). Below that, the latest version of the classic Land Rover, the County 90. Right: another Range Rover, the V8, pictured in close-up. Of the 20,000 Range Rovers sold last year, 75 per cent were exported.

enjoyed a cult success long before that. It was the US Army's General Purpose (or GP) vehicle that really set the trend. Born 45 years ago, the Jeep is with us today, updated with a larger engine, power steering and a luxury interior, but the effect that this rough and ready-for-anything car had on other manufacturers is more remarkable. It was the large quantity of war-surplus Jeeps left in Europe at the end of World War Two that led the British Rover Car Company to introduce their own four-wheel-drive vehicle in 1947. It became known as the Land Rover, and for the next 25 years reigned supreme amongst off-road vehicles. Then, recognising a new upwardly mobile market for 4WD, Rover introduced the Range Rover, and suddenly those vehicles that were once the sole preserve of the army or agriculture were seen in the gravel drives and outside smart hotels. Like the Jeep, the Land Rover has had to change to keep in vogue.

After 35 years, the radically altered Land Rover 110 series was introduced. Although the long-wheel base 110 still retained its familiar exterior, the Land Rover's trusty 2¼-litre petrol engine and rather primitive leaf springing was replaced by the Range Rover's successful 3.5-litre V8

It's not just small trucks that have adopted the 4WD format, it's now an option on many saloon cars. Large picture: The sleek Subaru XT Turbo. Clockwise from top right: A Toyota Tercel 4WD, and below it, a four-wheel-drive version of the popular Fiat Panda. Bottom: The rally winning 4WD Audi 100 Avant Quattro. Above: Russia's entry into the all-wheel-drive market, one of the cheapest 4WDs, the Lada Niva. Above it: Another fashionable 4WD for under £7,000, Subaru's smart little three-door Justy hatchback.


A 166 RYU
XT
4WD TURBO
B647 GRP

power unit and coil sprung suspension. The interior was fitted with well-upholstered 'tweed' covered seats, extra sound-proofing and improved heating and ventilation. Land Rover's current range, which includes 2½-litre petrol and turbo-diesel short and long-wheel-base versions, is now priced between £9,194 and £15,075. Despite being a world 4WD market leader for many years, the Land Rover is under severe pressure from overseas rivals. During the past ten years, 4WD vehicles have appeared from many countries, one of the cheapest, at £6,425, coming from the Soviet Union. The Lada Niva was designed to cope with a vast network of unmade roads that stretch from the frozen wastes of Siberia to the deserts of Georgia. The rugged 1.5-litre three-door hatchback with permanent 4WD became a cult-car in France following

Still more examples of four-wheel-drive vehicles from around the world. Large picture: The strangely named Dacia Duster GLX from Romania. Three pictures left: Different examples of the Shogun from Mitsubishi Colt. Bottom, the 2500TD; middle, the turbo diesel model; top, the standard petrol version. Two pictures top left: Mercedes G-wagons; left, a 230GE, and right, the 280CD. Middle top: Daihatsu with another Japanese contender in the 4WD market, the Fourtrak. Top right: Ugly but practical, the UMM Trans Cat 474. Below it, another example of the Dacia Duster, the Roadster, which like the Lada Niva costs little more than £6,000 to go anywhere.

DAIHATSU

B173 CVL

4x4 Duster

Duster
GLX 4x4
B210
EMR
Duster

successes in the notorious Paris-Dakar Rally. The Niva features a number of British manufactured components and although it can carry four adults, it is more at home on rough terrain than long motorway journeys.

Another East European product on the 4WD market is the curiously-named Dacia Duster. Built in Rumania under licence with a 1.4-litre Renault 12 engine, suspension and transmission, the Duster GLX priced at £6,795, is another competent off-road performer but arguably is beaten by others on quality and finish.

The most successful mini 'Jeep' however, is produced in Japan. The Suzuki SJ410 series has been produced in larger numbers than any other 4WD vehicle, with well over 500,000 built since it was introduced in 1979. This has been achieved despite well publicised criticism of its stability. However, with a price tag of only £6,350, plus £65 for a metallic paint job, the neat 1-litre 2+2 SJ410VJL has proved extremely popular with young trendies. Suzuki have recently launched a stylish upmarket version called the Vitura. Powered by a 1.7-litre engine with part-time 4WD, the £10,000 top of the range vehicle features a built-in roll-over bar, power-steering, roof rack, an electric winch mounting, and an inclinometer that indicates at what angle it will tip over!

Japan produces more types of 4WD vehicles than any other country and three of its most popular products are the Daihatsu Fourtrak, Isuzu Trooper and Mitsubishi Shogun. All three are state-of-the-art 4WDs and come in a variety of versions:- long and — short wheel-base, between 2-litre and 2.7-litre petrol, diesel or turbo diesel engines at prices ranging from £10,000 to £15,000. They have five-speed gearboxes, power-steering and radio/stereo cassette players. All are quiet, nippy, comfortable five-seaters on and off the road. Although virtually indistinguishable from each other, between them they have secured a third of the UK market.

Top of the Japanese range is the impressive Toyota Landcruiser. The latest version of the spacious five-door, six-seater, equipped with the full range of 'standard' Japanese extras including power-steering, power assisted brakes, and rear-passenger heater, sells at £18,630. Powered by a mighty 4-litre diesel, the Landcruiser has a top speed of over 90 mph with a remarkable 27 mpg. The ride is firm but comfortable, and it will cover all surfaces at a steady pace for up to 500 miles at a stretch, thanks to its 20 gallon fuel tank. Just the thing for your African Safari.

Its main rival is the heavyweight Mercedes G-Wagon. this aggressive-looking 4WD vehicle, designed originally for the armed forces, comes in five versions — all of which are built like tanks. The top of the petrol range, the long-wheel-base 2.8-litre five-door station wagon weighs in at £24,000 without the extras. Standing nearly six feet six inches high, the G-Wagon wades deep rivers with ease. The interior is functional, almost spartan even by Mercedes standards, but comfortable. It can be switched from 2WD to 4WD on the move and has both front and rear differential locks allowing it to claw itself out of the most difficult conditions even if only one wheel is touching the ground. If you plan to drive through the Amazon jungle, the Mercedes G-Wagon is for you.

However, the market leader in four-wheel drive vehicles remains the remarkable Range Rover. Launched in 1971, more than 20,000 were sold last year, of which 75 per cent were exported. Four models are currently on offer ranging from the 2.4-litre diesel turbo at £21,832 to the 3.5-litre V8 powered Vogue SE at £28,855. Body shape, transmission, permanent 4WD and the V8 petrol engine have remained virtually unchanged for nearly 20 years. However, with Japanese competition intensifying, and the launch of Renault's attractive Espace Quadra, can its market domination continue without a major re-design? It will be a hard act to follow for Range Rover's new owners British Aerospace.

A closely related and fast growing segment of the market, is the 4WD version of the family saloon. Fiat were the first of Europe's major car manufacturers to introduce a small 4WD car into their range by adapting one of their best sellers, the Panda. Fitted with a more powerful 1-litre engine and a 4WD system designed by the Austrian Steyr-Daimler-Puch company, Fiat have made their nippy little saloon a safer car to drive in difficult and varying weather conditions. It's main rival in the small car class is again a Japanese product — the Subaru Justy. Although Subaru are not one of Japan's automotive giants, the company was the first to produce 4WD cars as opposed to 'jeep' type vehicles. It now produces no less than ten 4WD models. Starting with the 1.2-litre Justy SL11 with a part-time 4WD priced at £6,800, the range is topped by the 220 bhp 16-valve flat four powered Legacy RS. In between are various saloons and estates, most of which are powered by 1.8-litre petrol engines. All 4WD Subarus are very well-balanced and sure-footed, be they on wet or icy roads, unmade tracks or packed snow. Whilst their 'oriental' styling may have been less than popular in the UK, there is now denying that their performance, especially that of the Coupé 1.8 Turbo Estate and Turbo Coupé, is extremely impressive.

The mighty Honda company introduced a 4WD version of its popular Civic Shuttle in 1985. The roomy £11,550 five-door hatchback is powered by a 1.5-litre engine and features a four-joint three-piece prop shaft and revised suspension with sufficient rigidity for comfortable four-wheel driving. So far it has been Honda's only foray into 4WD, preferring four-wheel steering for its top-of-the-range cars.

Other small car 4WDs on the market include the Mazda 323 and Lancia's Delta HF. Both are turbo-powered, developing 148 bhp and 165 bhp respectively and costing £13,999 for the Mazda and £16,995 for the Lancia. Both are more competition cars than family saloons.

Two major manufacturers to have more than one 4WD model in their range are Toyota and Ford. Toyota offers the five-door Corolla estate with permanent 4WD with dash-operated central diff-lock and powered by a 1.6-litre engine at £12,140, and the 1.9-litre four-door Camry GLi saloon for £16,864. Toyota's GT-Four, a two-door sports coupé with permenant 4WD and a 2-litre petrol turbo sells at £21,000. Ford's range includes 4WD saloon and estate versions of the best-selling Sierra, both powered by 2.8-litre petrol engines, and Ghia and Scorpio Granada 4x4s with 2.9-litre V6 units. All the Fords, and the Granadas with ABS braking in particular, can be driven at high speed in all conditions with complete confidence. They have added safety to a high degree of comfort and luxury, and at £24,180 for the top of the range Scorpio, good value for money. General Motors recently entered the 4WD fray with the introduction of the 1.9-litre Vauxhall Cavalier 4x4. As with Fiat, GM have adopted the Austrian Steyr-Daimler-Puch system and although the Cavalier is not as speedy as its more powerful mid-range saloon rival, the Sierra, it is some £3,000 cheaper.

However, just as the Land Rover is *the* four wheel vehicle, so the Audi Quattro remains the ultimate 4WD car. There are no less than eight Quattro models currently available ranging from the 1.8-litre 80 Quattro to the fearsome 2.2-litre turbo Coupé. The 80, selling at £17,393, is a compact four-door saloon in the Sierra/Cavalier class with but the advantage of Audi's excellent 4WD system. The middle of the range 100 Avant Quattro is an attractive five-door estate with the 2.2-litre five cylinder fuel-injected engine rated at 138 bhp. With rear seats folded, the useful 2.67 square metres of carpeted luggage space can carry a payload of 550kg. It has anti-lock braking, and despite a length of almost 16ft, the 100 Avant Quattro remains perfectly balanced on the road in all conditions. It can also tow a 1,450 kilogram trailer and has a top speed of 124mph — all for £23,536. Its big brother, the impressive 200 Avant Quattro estate, is powered by a 2,144cc turbo developing 182bhp with a performance to match. It sells at a few pounds under £30,000. For just under £32,000, you can acquire the ultimate in four-wheel drive — the Quattro two door coupé powered by the same engine as the 200 Avant but uprated to 200bhp! Although Audi remains the leader of the 4WD pack, if only for its classy adverts, Peugeot, BMW, Mercedes and even Jaguar, have already produced potent 4WD saloons, or are about to do so. Now it is only a matter of time before four-wheel drive becomes a standard feature.

Janet & Sharon

Nuneaton's nudest mother and daughter

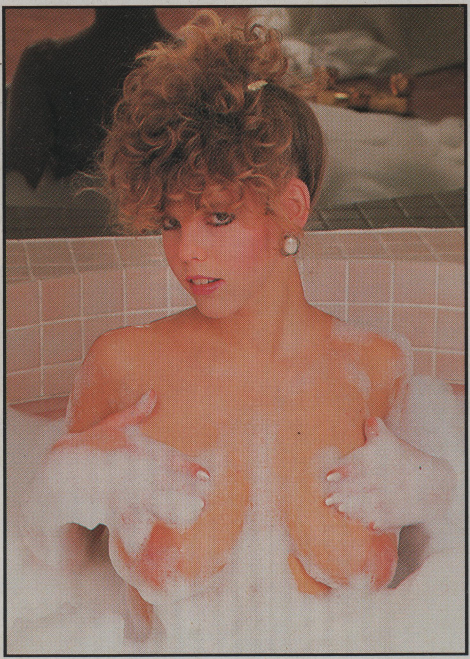
When shapely 18-year-old Sharon Hall made her modelling debut, she had no idea that her mother was going to become a star of the show too. Thirty-three year old Janet was persuaded to appear alongside her daughter after complimentary remarks from friends. 'Whenever we go out, we are always being mistaken as sisters,' says Janet.

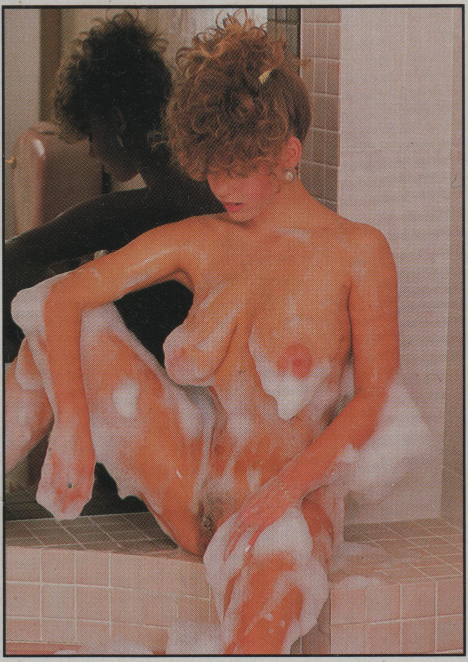
'People don't believe that we are actually mother and daughter,' laughs 38-24-36 inch Janet. 'When it was suggested that I should appear alongside Sharon, I was a little unsure at first, then I thought why not, it sounds like fun. We've both got good bodies, and doing the set together helped us both relax during the photographic shoot.'

'I'm really proud of the pictures, and I think mum looks great,' says 38-24-34 inch Sharon. 'Our family and friends in Nuneaton where we live have been brilliant. They've backed us all the way, and we are now virtual celebrities whenever we pop into our local, *the Crazy Horse*.'

Sharon left Alderman-Smith comprehensive school in Nuneaton when she was 16, and went on to do a secretarial course before deciding to become a glamour model with Janet's backing. 'When she was younger, Sharon used to be very shy, and hide her figure,' says Janet.

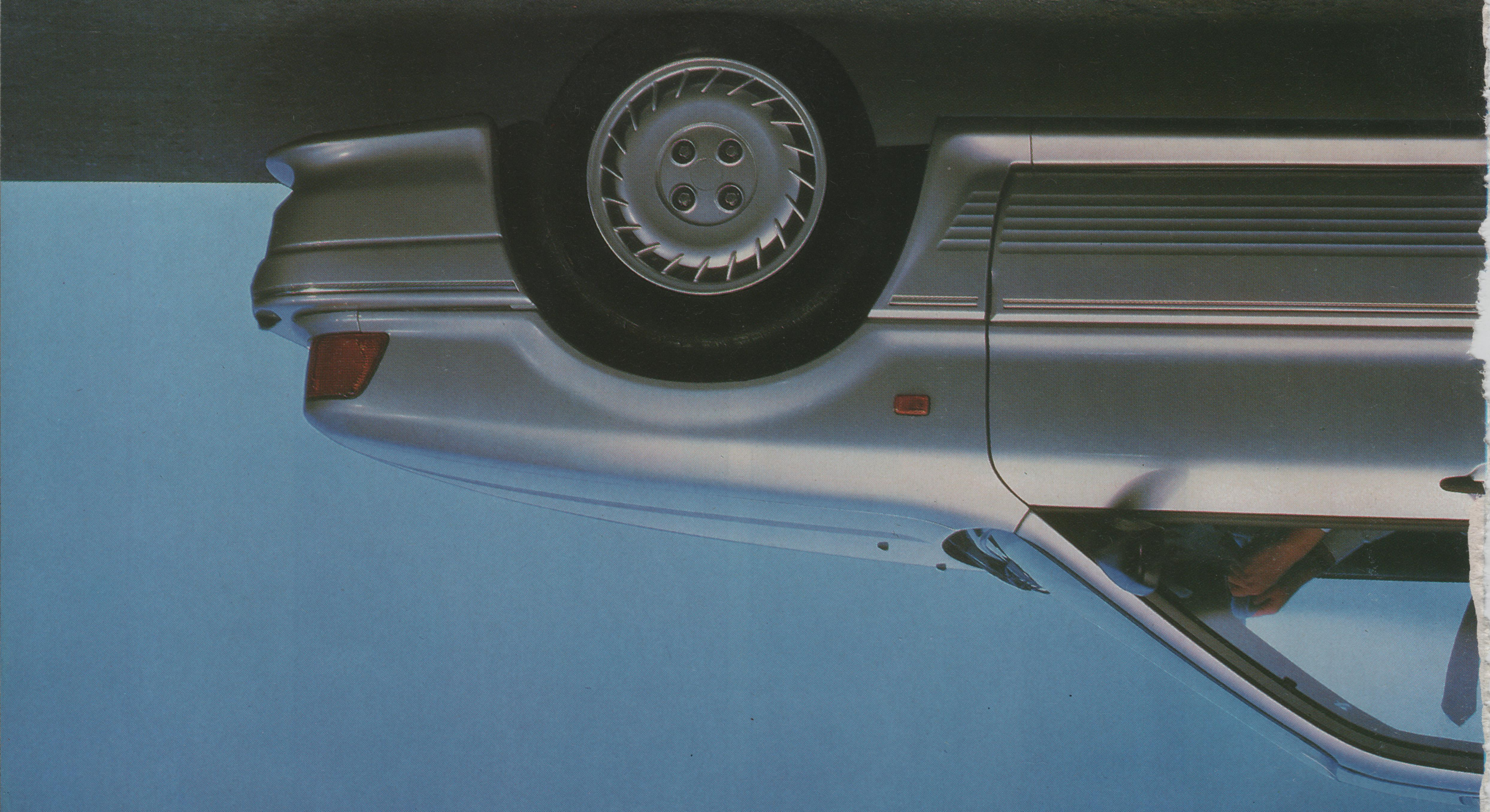
'Now she's a lot more confident, there's been no stopping her.' Would Janet have liked to have done the same thing when she was Sharon's age? 'I don't think my parents would have allowed me to pose even if I had wanted to, but times are a lot different now, after all, Sharon's got a great body so why shouldn't she show it off,' says divorcee Janet.





Away from modelling, Janet and Sharon also share the same interests. They're both keep fit fanatics, and love dancing. 'You could say we're a real mother and daughter team as we do virtually everything together,' laughs Sharon. Although Janet may do more modelling, she's now happy to support Sharon's career. 'Whatever she does, I'll be proud of her.'

Nothing sticks to



The new Mitsubishi Galant 4WD/4WS. The first four

With both four wheel drive and four wheel steering, the new Mitsubishi Galant has one of the most advanced driving systems in the world.

With permanent four wheel drive, the Galant's grip on the road enables you to drive with great confidence and safety.

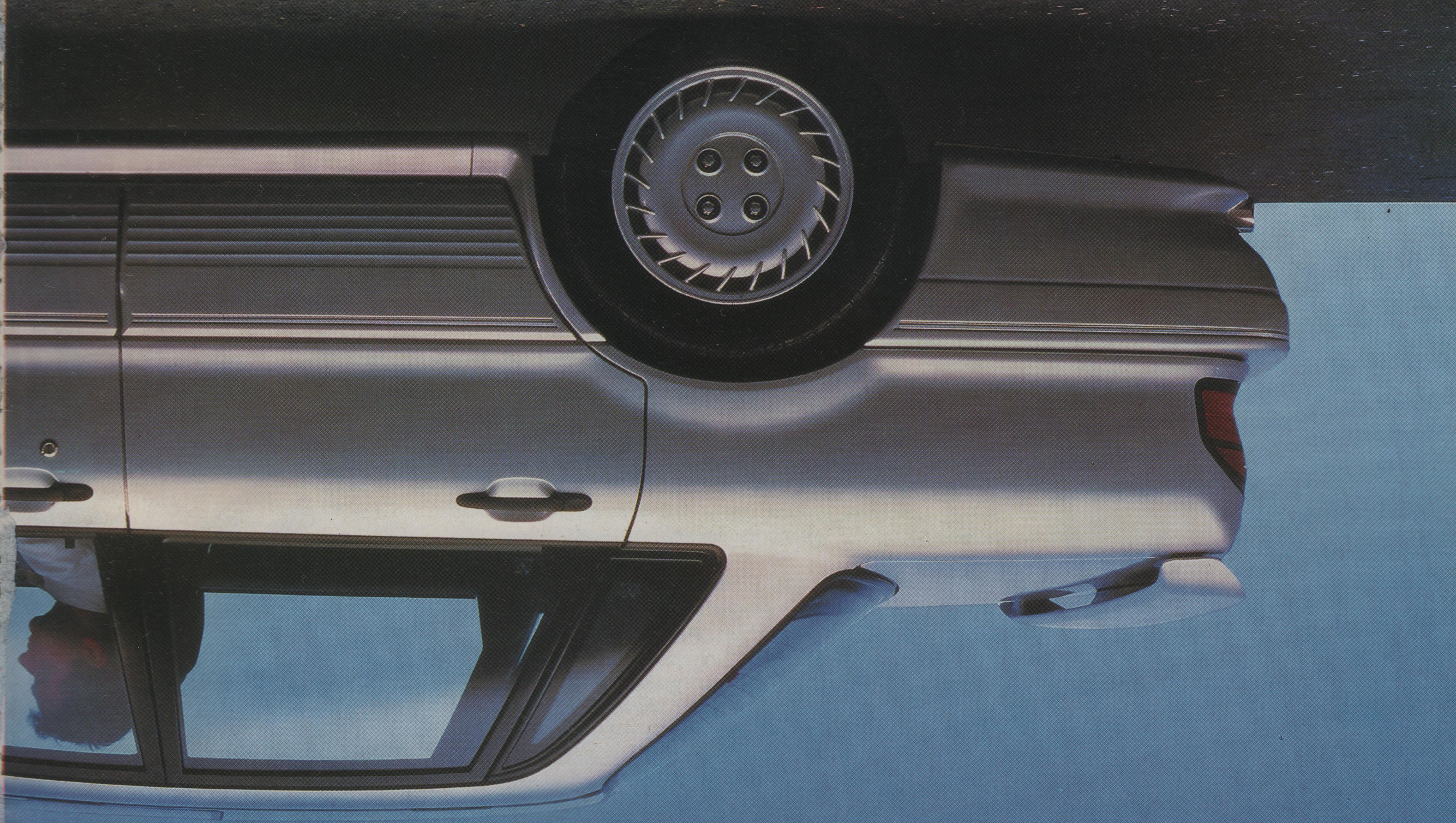
And when cornering or manoeuvring at speeds in excess of 30 mph the rear wheels turn 1.5 degrees in the same direction as the front wheels. As a result, handling becomes remarkably responsive.

Powered by a smooth 2 litre, 16 valve twin-cam engine, the Galant is also fitted with a catalytic converter. This virtually neutralises all toxic exhaust fumes and means the car runs exclusively on unleaded petrol.

The Galant also features special four wheel independent suspension and two channel anti-lock braking (ABS). Sensors on all wheels constantly adjust the braking pressure to prevent wheel lock-up.

RECOMMENDED RETAIL PRICE OF GALANT 4WD/4WS £16,969. PRICE CORRECT AT TIME OF GOING TO PRESS INCLUDES CAR TAX AND VAT BUT EXCLUDES 'ON THE ROAD' CHARGES.

the road like it.



wheel drive, four wheel steer production car in the world.

Other standard equipment includes power steering, electric windows all-round, electrically controlled tilt and slide glass sun-roof, heated door mirrors, a four speaker stereo radio/cassette and alloy wheels.

And for absolute peace of mind it comes with a free three year unlimited mileage warranty and six year anti-corrosion perforation guarantee.

The new Mitsubishi Galant four wheel drive/four wheel steer. It's one of the most advanced cars in the world.

The new Mitsubishi Galant 4WD/4WS.
With a free 3-year unlimited mileage warranty.

Please send me details of the new Galant and my nearest Dealer.

Name__________

Address__________

Postcode__________ Tel. No.__________

Present car: (Make)__________

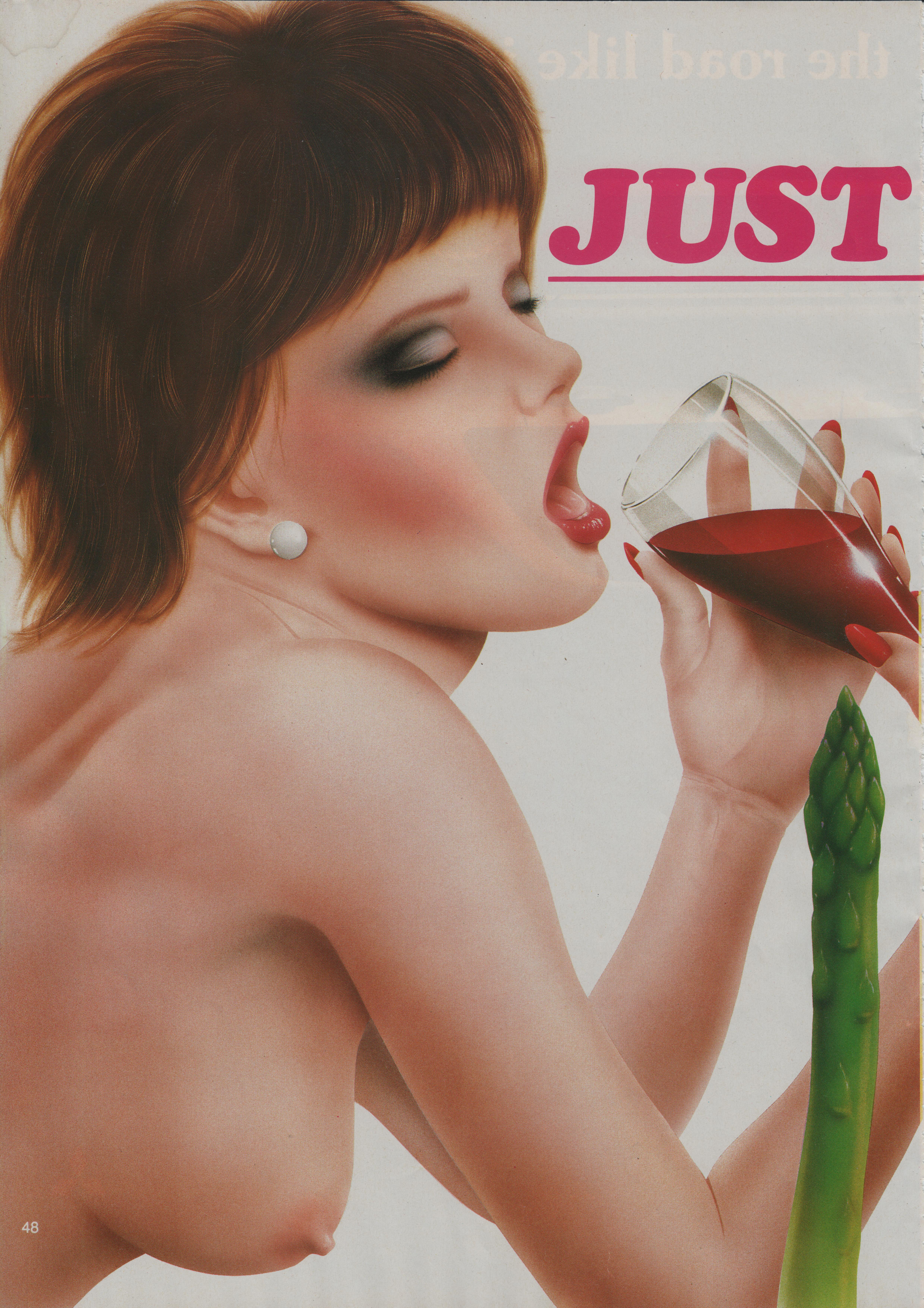
(Model)__________ **Leading the way.** MITSUBISHI MOTORS

G7MF6/89

To: The Colt Car Company Ltd, Watermoor, Cirencester, Glos. GL7 1LF. Tel: 0285 655777.

FOR NATO FORCES TAX FREE SALES IN EUROPE CONTACT: THE COLT CAR COMPANY LTD, HOCHSTRASSE 66, 4057 BRÜGGEN, W. GERMANY. TEL: 010 49 2163 7036
FOR TAX FREE SALES THROUGH GIBRALTAR CONTACT: FASTAMOTORS ON GIBRALTAR 79005

JUST



She stood in the doorway of my restaurant in the sort of body-clutching dress which a woman wears when she knows her body is worth clutching. She was undoubtedly the dish of the day. She smiled warmly at me, and I hoped that she was on the menu too . . .

DESSERTS

Fiction by Sam White

'What's this — a conspiracy?'

As soon as I breezed into the restaurant the huddle of staff fell silent, trading knowing glances and shuffling in their chairs.

'Evening Alan.'

They ignored my question. I let it ride. If they had a problem I'd hear about it sooner or later. It wasn't as if I was the kind of boss who floated on some unapproachable cloud.

Isabel came barging through the servery doors, dressed in black, all bustle and bristling efficiency. She clapped her hands.

'OK, team let's go!'

Maybe Isabel was putting the big chill on them as well. I knew I had a little sympathy when it came to Isabel.

It was business as usual. Chef Lloyd in the kitchen masterminding the culinary arts with his gofer Roland and kitchen hand Rooney. Miriam, Kelly and Milano motoring amongst the tables ferrying plates and trading chit chat with the customers while I was maitre'd' — hoisting corks, beaming big appetite grins and marvelling at the way everybody kept coming back for more.

And Isabel — my lady and business partner — prowling behind the mirrored oak-polished bar, mixing cocktails with cold-steel efficiency, wearing her dry martini smile (lemony with a twist) as she packed money into the till with her painted-nail fingers.

She was a strong woman with calculating eyes, severe cut hair and a body which was on the brink of falling off the wrong side of cuddly. Her mind was as sharp as Lloyd's Sabatier knives, and she had a tongue which would snake out like a serrated lance if she spotted anything amiss.

'Kelly — table five!'

Kelly smartly quit joshing with the three men sampling Lloyd's dish of the day, gave them an appetizing wink, and motored over to the couple

ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY PASTOR

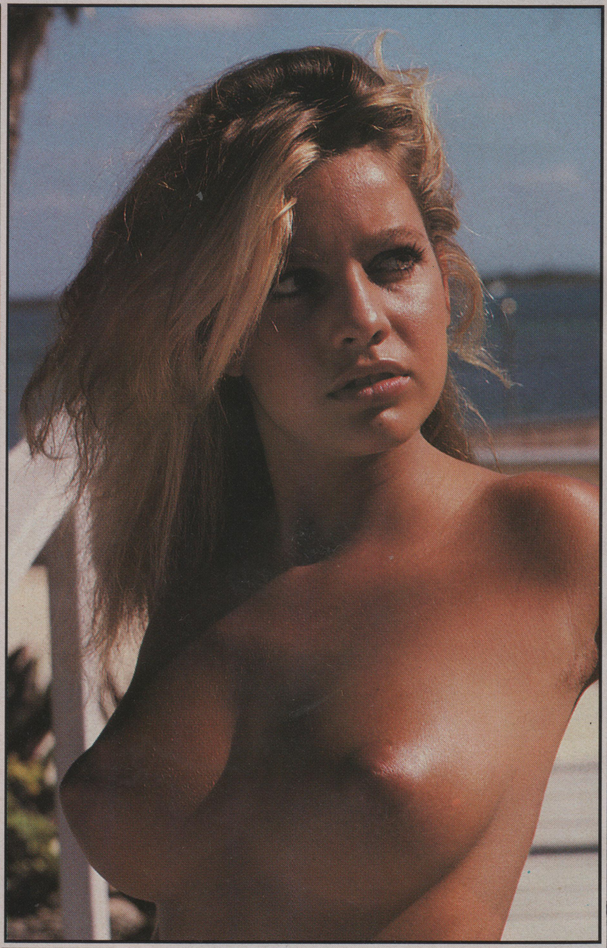
with her tennis player's bum pumping love-all beneath her tight skirt.
Isabel, Isabel — easy, easy. It was like being trapped with a barracuda in a goldfish bowl. I was the goldfish.
If only she could relax a little. But no. Isabel had got ambition. She wanted to do for the stomach what Roddick had done for the face, and I wondered if events hadn't got out of kilter. It was all graft and gross profit now. If it had been down to her, she'd have us open seven days a week, 24 hours a day.
It had been the last time I'd put my foot down. I'd insisted we closed Sunday. 'For my leisure time,' I'd said, which usually consisted of festering in front of the TV with a good video and an even better bottle of wine.
Ever since we'd opened our brasserie, she and I had worked our balls off and now we'd just about got the recipe right. The staff mix was perfect. Matronly Miriam, a permanently out-of-work actress who wore silk stockings, and mothered the middle-aged American tourists homesick for Wyoming. Milano (who actually was from Brindisi) suckered up to every woman through the door murmuring 'bella, bella,' and taking off their coats with his libidinous Italian eyes. And Kelly who slipped between the tables like a promise, one button too many undone on her blouse, bending close to her customers, and lisping through her rich-lipped mouth.
'Can I get you anything else?'
Isabel had hired her, I'm sure, as some kind of perverse torture. Me and Isabel were going through a rocky phase under the duvet. If she hadn't got a headache, she was too tired or wanted to discuss the business and clumped about in flannelette pyjamas. It was all very frustrating, and the last time when I'd finally persuaded her to be seduced, she'd sighed, rolled on her back, and been about as responsive as an inflatable doll.
'Alan!'
Isabel's voice was the thud of mercury in the soul. I glanced at her, and she pointed with her eyes toward the door. The girl was standing there all alone in a blouson and a body clutching dress which women wear when they know their body's worth clutching. It was the same one who'd come in two nights before with her boyfriend. They were friend's of Kelly's, and had taken the lover's table in the corner where the lighting was bad, and concealed any ambitious under-the-table manners.
I loosed off my maitre'd' smile and sauntered over.
'Eating alone?'
The girl smiled. She had a generous mouth — painted crimson, and smokey sexy eyes. Her toffee coloured hair, swept back off her forehead dipped like a wave as she nodded.
'Yes.'
I could sense Isabel watching me. One false move, buster and you're history.
'My man's gone to Boston for two weeks. I do so hate cooking for one.'
'I know the feeling.'
'Do you?'
Her expression was unmistakable. The sap stirring, loin lifting look of a woman who could, if you played your cards right, be manoeuvred between the sheets. No chance.
I sighed inside. Isabel kept my cards in a safe. The odds on success were similar to Hartlepool winning the cup, and I shifted out the girl's chair, catching the scent of inspiring perfume as she slipped in front of me.
'If you want to treat your taste buds try the lamb's breast with garlic.'
'Will it keep off the werewolves as well?'
'They'll roll over,' I said, and handed her the menu.
'Alan! Table nine — more wine please!'
Isabel's voice cut through the hubble of the restaurant.
'And so will the werevixens.'
'I'm sorry?' said the girl.
I zig-zagged between the tables to nine and collected their order. On my way to the bar Kelly swerved in front of me carrying a quartet of variously laden plates. She whispered: 'Her name's Emma, by the way.'
As if knowing her name would make any difference, I thought as I approached Isabel. I couldn't remember the last opportunity I'd had for an extracurricular activity.
'Bottle of Montrachet, please darling.'
Isabel gave me her never shaken, never stirred frown, and, as she turned to open the fridge door, I caught sight of Kelly at Emma's table in the bar mirror. Emma was nodding. She glanced my way, and then back up at Kelly. They both smiled.
Stop daydreaming, I thought, and attempted to settle back into the evening's ambience. Entertaining fantasies of women who ate alone in our restaurant would only bring big trouble. Isabel and I needed one another. The sex was neutered, swamped by the work ethic. Living in the eighties — nose to the grindstone and a cock tucked in the boxers surviving on memories. Remember Isabel? In the good old days when we plundered each other's bodies.
I watched her working away, and then sneaked a glance at Emma, sitting pretty with the V of her dress leading down to the swell of her breasts, cutting her meat into slivers and fellating a forkful.
'Alan, take this to table five.'
Isabel waved the bill at me like a bromide flag. Emma didn't stay for sweet. If I'd been single I'd have gone for broke — offered her the chance to share a brandy with the patron and used nothing to lose tactics. But you don't when your lady's got laser eyes in the back of her head and ears that can hear the whisper of an improper suggestion through Rockwall. I just did the same as with all our other customers.
'Hope to see you again,' I said as she stood to leave.
'If the werewolves don't get me,' she said and for a fraction too long held my gaze. I groaned inside.
It was back to the routine. Doing all the things I'd done before, and going home after a couple of wind down beers with the staff. Isabel in the seat beside me chattering to Kelly and Miriam, as we gave them a lift home. The conversation washed over me, and I thought of Emma somewhere in the city, her breath of garlic. If only it was hushing me.
'Those lights were red, Alan!'
'Whoops,' I said, and I heard Kelly snigger behind me.
Emma was back on Thursday and Friday too. It wasn't easy to stum the chat-up lines but Emma was forbidden fruit — a mate of Kelly's AND a customer. I was beginning to wish her man would fly back from his Boston tea party early. She was cock-stirring, perched there now in her linen suit and thin translucent blouse. She was on Kelly's station, and Kelly was sitting down with her as I carried over her glass of wine.
'I trust you're not neglecting your other customers Kelly.'
I gave Emma the big affable patron's grin.
'Just getting the punter's view,' said Kelly tartly and bounced to her feet. 'What would you recommend tonight?' asked Emma and studied me with her stunning eyes. Her question hovered in the air.
'Maybe the pork stuffed with apple and layered with Calvados sauce?'
'Stuffed pork,' she said. 'I love it.'
I winced, and thought life too unfair.
It ached when Emma arrived Saturday. We were
turn to page 86

'Put yourself in my place. You may well be an inventor but I'm still waiting to be shown a few new tricks . . .'

harriet

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JOHN PATRICK BURGESS

'Summertime and the living is easy,' 21-year-old Harriet Wilkinson sings wistfully. And so it maybe for 36-24-36 Miss Wilkinson. This time last year Harriet gave up her job on the switchboard of a Bristol printing firm and set off for pastures new. Quite forgetting a long-arranged centre-girl session with our man John Patrick Burgess. Not to be thwarted Burgess set off after her.



Harriet had left few clues as to her destination — she'd chucked all her boyfriends, given charge of her beloved hedgehog, Galbraith, to a neighbour and vanished from her tiny bedsit in Bristol. But, in true Mountie-style, Burgess was determined to get his woman, packing his favourite lens and several rolls of film he set off across Europe after her. He had one vital clue, Harriet's colleagues at the Bristol printing works had frequently pressed her for her destination, but all she had replied was: 'I'm off to see the numbered Pythons of Christopher II'. Our man Burgess, who fancied himself as something of a Sherlock, had given a little smile at this news and immediately booked a passage to Italy.

And so on the small island of Monte Cristo in the Tyrrhenian Sea, the two were re-united and the set duly shot. 'I thought you'd work it out,' Harriet said coolly. 'The numbered Pythons of Christopher II?' 'The Count of Monty Chris-to,' Burgess replied. Elementary my dear Wilkinson.

CAME

MAYFAIR

Girl of the month

harriet

MIDDLE TAR
Warning: SMOKING WHEN PREGNANT CAN INJURE
Health Departments'

As defined by H.M. Government

YOUR BABY AND CAUSE PREMATURE BIRTH

Chief Medical Officers

Mayfair Lingerie

FLIMSY EXCUSES

We won't pretend these sexy scanties will keep her warm. But their sexy feel will make them her favourites. And yours. Choose from a pink lace playsuit (M34), a red lace cami-suspender and briefs (M35), a pink satin-look basque (M32), and white playsuit (M33). All come in 100% nylon

ORDER FORM

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

To: FASHION OFFER, Mayfair Magazine, 6 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DA.

Please send me:

Qty . . . . . pink lace playsuit (item M34) price £13.95 (One size only)

Qty . . . . . red cami-suspender and briefs (item M35) price 16.95 (One size only)

Qty . . . . . pink satin-look basque (item M32) price £15.95. (One size only)

Qty . . . . white playsuit (item M33) price £11.95 (One size only)

TELEPHONE ORDERS WELCOME RING CREDIT CARD SALES on 01 242 1593 (9.30am to 5pm)

I enclose a cheque/postal order for £. . . . . made payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd. or debit my Access/American Express account.

MY CARD NO. IS . . . .

NAME . . . .

ADDRESS . . . .

. . . . SIGNATURE M24/6

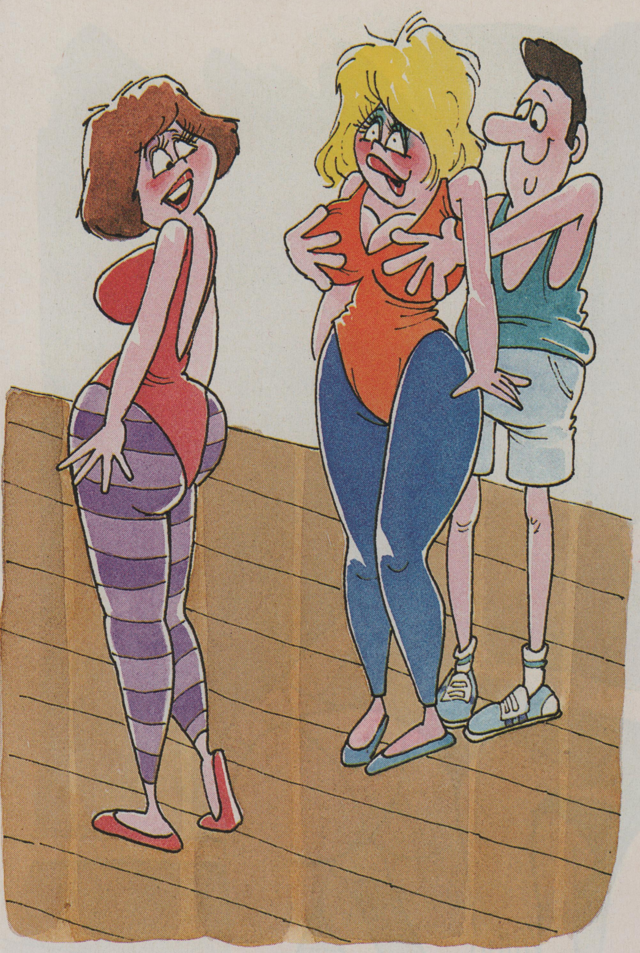
Please allow 21 days for delivery. If you are not completely satisfied simply return goods unmarked within 28 days of receipt for immediate refund. All prices include postage, packing, VAT and insurance. Customers outside Europe add £5.00 to total to ensure air mail delivery. All payments from abroad should be in Sterling (I.M.O.).

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR MAGAZINE, PHOTOCOPY THIS COUPON OR SEND YOUR ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER STATING ALL RELEVANT INFORMATION.

'We haven't quite managed to relax and make our body completely limp, have we Mr Grindley?'

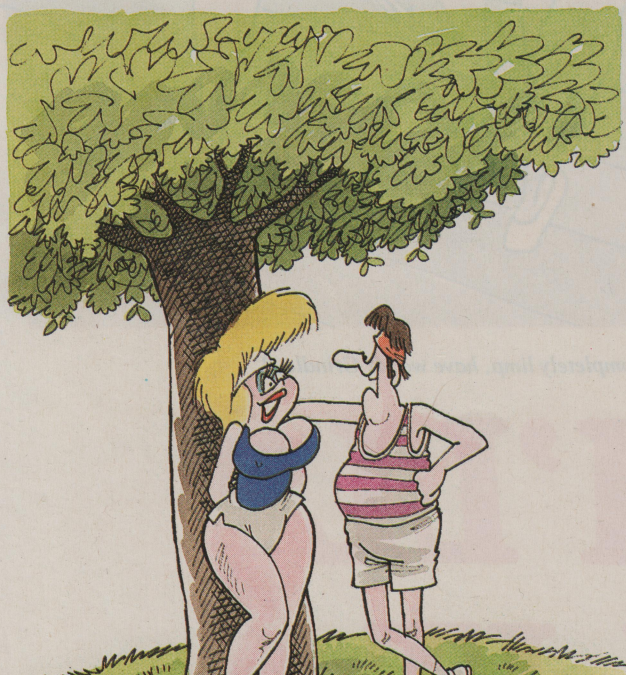
GYM'LL FIX IT

Cartoonist Anthony contends that if exercise keeps a chap in vibrant health, he's less likely to pull a muscle and more likely to pull a lady body builder

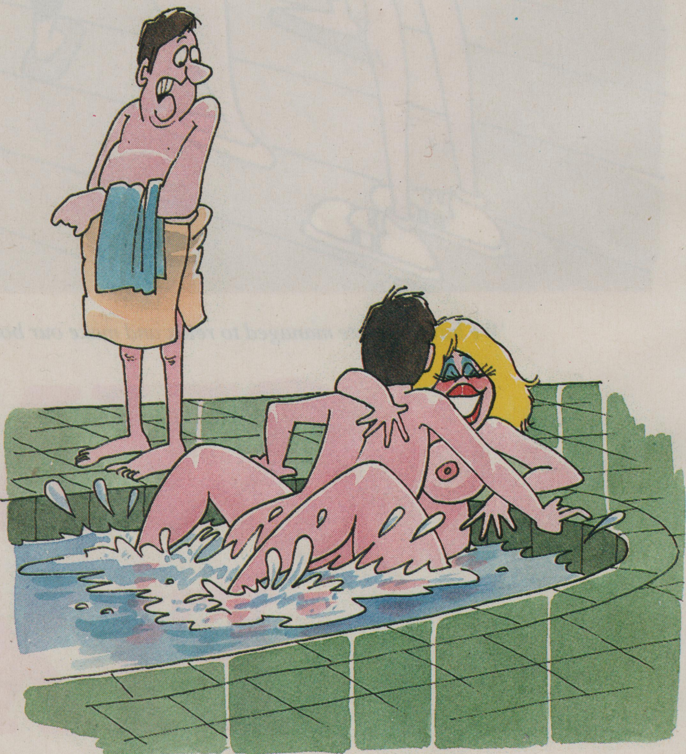


'We normally have a massage after we've done our exercises, Miss Jones.'

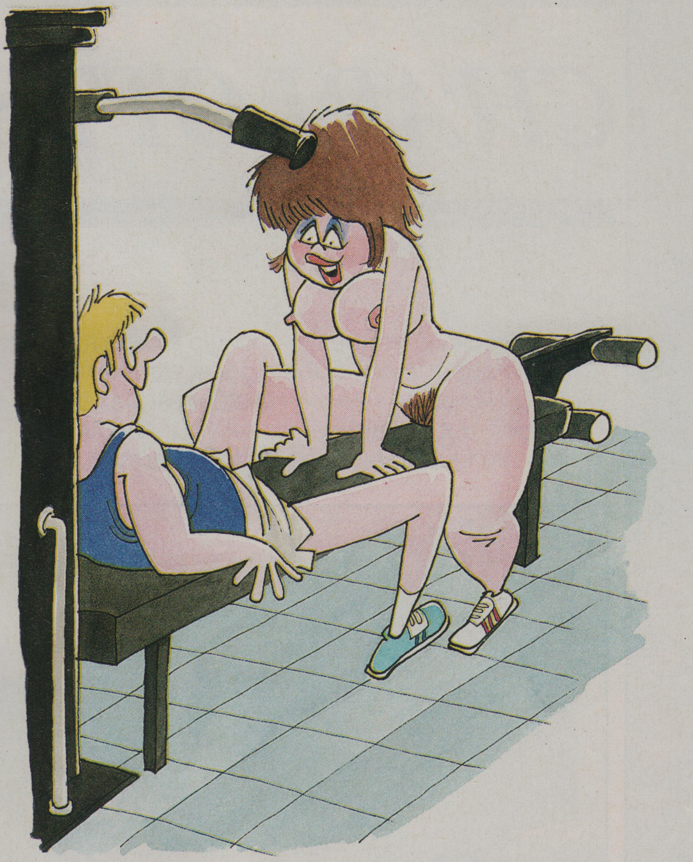
'I don't know who she is, but she's got me up to three miles a day!'



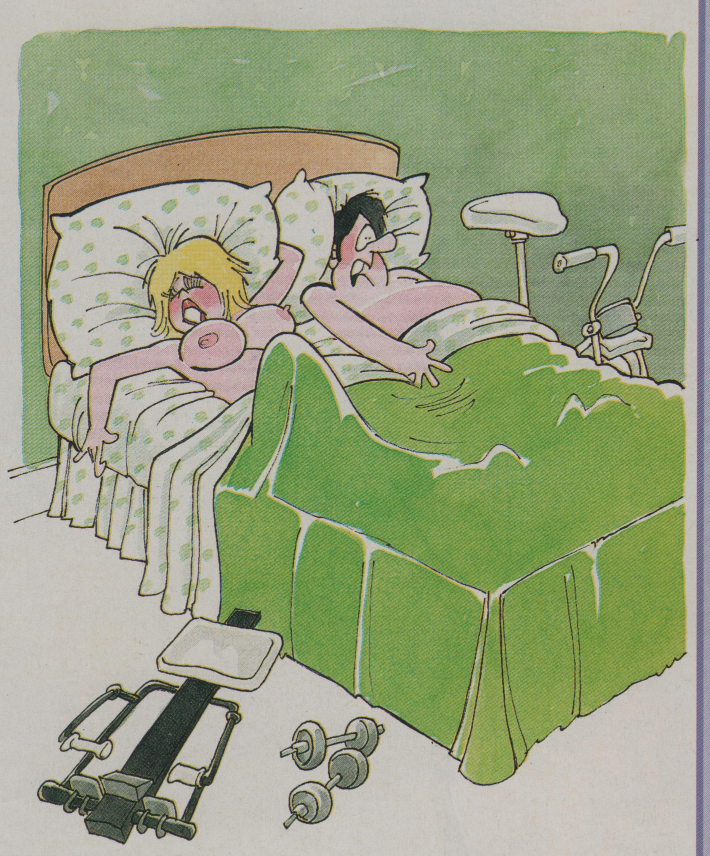
'Fancy jogging back to my place?'



'I think I should tell you, Miss, the jacuzzi pump broke down half an hour ago . . .'



'Well it felt like pumping iron to me.'



'This keep fit lark is ruining our love life.'

'Life's full of pleasant surprises, isn't it? I came here with the intention of losing a few inches!'

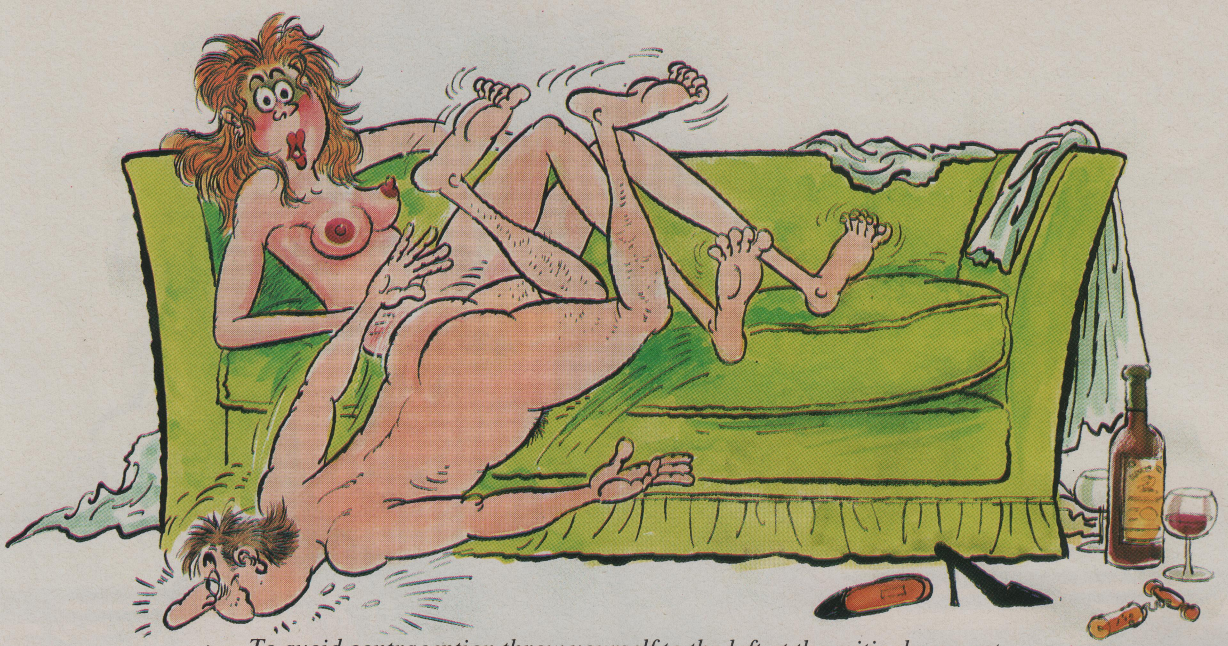
CHARLOTTE

Should you ever happen to pop into a certain Dorset estate agent's, one of the biggest attractions on display is not the selection of picturesque country cottages, but the lady who is selling them, 24-year-old tousled blonde Charlotte Harding.

'I've always been ambitious as far as careers go, and decided I wanted to become an estate agent when I was sixteen,' says Weymouth-born Charlotte. What was the attraction, we asked? 'The thought of working in an office full of sharply-dressed young men,' giggles this 32-22-34 inch chatterbox. 'No, to be serious, I've always been interested in houses and buildings ever since I was given a Wendy House by my parents for my eighth birthday. Who would have thought I'd end up selling the real things.' Has Charlotte got her eye on a 'des res' herself. 'Unfortunately not,' she says. 'At the moment I'd be lucky enough to afford a beach hut on the seafront in Weymouth in the closed season. If I had the choice, and the money of course, my ideal property would be a cosy little cottage set deep in the heart of the beautiful hilly Dorset countryside,' she sighs.

The only way Charlotte thinks she will be able to afford such a property, is to buy one derelict, and renovate it. 'Ideally I'd like to do it with the man of my dreams, but I'm still waiting for both to come along,' she grins. Not that Charlotte has a lot of time to look for Mr Right at present. 'I'm covering for a colleague on holiday, and with all the late viewings I have to do, I don't get home until nine. I don't even have time to play with my Wendy House.'

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GRAHAM ALLEN



To avoid contraception throw yourself to the left at the critical moment advised a 19th century expert

INCONCEIVABLE! ~

the world's worst advice on contraception

For centuries men sought the perfect contraceptive, trying everything from honey to ox-gall, ear-wax to crocodile dung. Richard Chalmers charts the bizarre beliefs guaranteed to avoid my lady's swelling belly

Man has throughout his carnal history tried to limit the sometime consequences of sex, namely children. Great minds have devoted themselves to the quest for the perfect contraceptive, their ideas ranging from the highly effective to the unbelievably ineffective.

Celibacy is for many an unattractive alternative to sex, and for these the simplest contraceptive is *coitus interruptus*. Known to the 240 odd trusting teenagers in Britain having first-time sex each night as 'Withdrawal', it is the only contraceptive method mentioned in the Bible. Chaucer, the 15th century English poet, puts the Church's interpretation of Genesis 38, verses 8 to 10 succinctly in *The Parson's Tale*. He writes that when men 'shedeth hire nature in manere or in place ther as a child may nat be conceived. . . yet it is homicide.' A view which has caused centuries of soul-searching for Roman Catholics.

Others took a different view. Al-Ghazli, the Arab writer, in his book *Good Manners Concerning Coitus*, recommends it 'for cases of financial hardship.' Nearer our own time the same advice has been given by such radical free thinkers as Francis Place, the 19th century champion of contraception.

Originally in favour of complete withdrawal, Place had a change of heart. 'The most convenient and easy, as well as the most effectual method is', he decided, 'for the man at the moment of spending to throw himself on his left side by which motion he not only . . . extricates the part, but gives a slanting direction with respect to the woman, so that being thrown not directly but in a side-long manner it is perfectly impossible for the womb to receive it.' His children were a fine example of its efficiency — all 15 of them.

For many the willpower required at the crucial moment was sadly lacking. One anonymous author wrote: 'How a gentleman. . . could make a practice, at the moment of unutterable ecstasy, of withdrawing from the arena, is more than I can conceive.' One imagines his poor wife found it only too easy.

Closely related to withdrawal and much favoured by the Chinese is the art of *coitus reservatus*. Believing that if a man refrained from ejaculation he would enjoy a long life, they tried to follow the example of the Yellow Emperor who, 'had intercourse with 1200 women and thereby became immortal.' Mastery of the art took great willpower, and suggestions for training included, 'Gnash teeth one thousand times', 'pause nine times after a series of nine strokes', and 'pretend the woman is ugly and hateful.'

Women whose partners had mastered the art enjoyed an incredible sex life. Marie Stopes, founder of 'The Society For Constructive Birth Control And Radical Progress, wrote of 'Male Continence' in the 1920s. 'The union is protracted, and the erection, after being active for a length of time varying from twenty minutes to ten hours, naturally subsides before withdrawal.'

John Humphrey Noyes, a great advocate of 'Male Continence', set up a commune based on it in America. Described in 1848 as a 'utopia of obscenity' and an 'outgrowth of lust', the Oneida commune encouraged free sex and wife-sharing. Age, however, seems to have robbed Noyes of the skill, if not the energy, for after his 58th birthday he fathered eight children.

Noyes could have turned to the Chinese for help with his problem. For the semen to 'return from the Jade Stalk to the Brain,' they said, the woman should, 'grip the testicles tightly at the moment of orgasm', or less painfully she should apply pressure to the base of the scrotum.

Should the unfortunate girl find her lover less than adept at the techniques, she could gain solace from the wisdom of the ancients. Hippocrates, the father of medicine, says that, 'After coitus if the woman ought not to conceive, she makes it a custom for the semen to fall outside when she wishes this.' Other great physicians showed how. Soranus of Ephesus, a Greek writer in the first century, says that the woman should, 'Immediately get up and sit down with bent knees, and in this position try to provoke sneezes.' Nine centuries later, Rhazes, one of the most celebrated Islamic physicians, elaborated the advice. 'Let the two come apart and let the woman rise roughly, sneeze and blow her nose several times, and call out in a loud voice. She should jump violently backwards seven to nine paces.'

Marie Stopes recommends this, 'far from secure, yet sometimes successful method,' when the woman has a 'domineering ruthless husband who renders her helpless.' Aware of the indignity of leaping around a cold bedroom, to say nothing of disturbing the neighbours, she adopts a much more genteel approach, 'Sit up immediately after sex union, and cough very hard with as much muscular contraction of the lower abdomen as

possible, followed by immediate urination.'

The idea of dislodging semen is found in many cultures but it is to the Marques islanders in the Pacific that we must look for the most novel approach. A traveller reported that, 'when a group of men went out with one woman, and had intercourse with her in rapid succession, publicly, which was a common amusement, the last man had to suck the semen from her vagina.'

Man soon realised that semen was a necessary part of conception, though its exact function remained a mystery for thousands of years. If semen could be kept out of the uterus, he reasoned, pregnancy could be avoided, and so he began to devise suitable barriers, the earliest, and most imaginative being the vaginal pessaries of Egypt.

Discovered in Kahoun in 1889, the Petri Papyrus of 1850 BC lists several pessaries, the most popular of which seems to have been, 'crocodile's dung cut up on auyt-paste.' For those with a sweet tooth there was, 'one henu of honey. Place in vagina, this to be done with natron (naturally occuring sodium carbonate).' A henu was equivalent to one pint. The effectiveness of the pessaries can only be guessed at, though a later papyrus, the Ebers of 1550 BC, gives a prescription using the tips of accacia, a plant which produces lactic acid, a powerful spermicide still in use today.

Animal dung is used in pessaries from many cultures. Rhazes describes one made of, 'cabbage, colocynth pulp, the inner skin of pomegranate, animal's ear wax, elephant's dung and whitewash.' As crocodile and elephant dung can be difficult to obtain, the dung of any awesome creature would do. The Aztec Badianus manuscript of 1552 explains, 'and you shall put into the vulva the crushed herb of the calabash or cucurbita root and eagle's excrement.'

If dung was a powerful contraceptive, how much more effective would be the whole animal? Though no one suggested using a whole elephant, the Aztecs did recommend using the ashes of a dried lizard. According to Pliny the Elder, Olympus, the expert midwife of Thebes, says that, 'there is nothing better than to anoint the natural parts of a woman with ox-gall incorporated in the fat of serpents, verdigris and honey.' Its lack of success perhaps accounts for Pliny the Younger.

Casanova used a half squeezed out lemon as a dubious version of the cap

Pessaries were made by women skilled in the art, the client getting a full refund if the pessary failed to work. Their effectiveness can be judged by the fact that Queen Cleopatra, highly skilled in the use of pessaries and men, had but two children.

Physical as opposed to medicinal barriers were also developed. Designed to be removed after intercourse they took many forms, the earliest again coming from Egypt in the form of lint tampons soaked in accacia and honey. At the same time, in India and the Far East, they used a ball of soft feathers and metals. By 100 AD, Soranus of Ephesus was recommending wool tampons soaked in wine. Unfortunately he could not decide whether the tampon should be inserted before or after intercourse.

Other physicians also saw contraception as an opportunity to make a name for themselves. Rhazes wrote, 'It is necessary to apply to the uterus before receiving the seed, some drug which would block the uterine aperture.' Good advice it was too, until he ruined things by adding, 'She should sit upon the tips of her toes and push at her navel with her thumb. It would help if she smelt foul odours.'

Arabian pharmacologists of 1200 AD looked again to the animals for the ultimate contraceptive. 'Take the testicle of a wolf,' they proclaimed, 'and it must be the right testicle. Rub it with oil, wrap it in wool and insert it into the vagina. This would cause her to lose desire and lessen the chance of conception.' As far as the wolves were concerned it certainly worked.

Developing logically from the pessary was the cervical cap. First made of rubber by Dr Freidrick Adolphe Wilde in 1838, the 'Dutch cap' has a long history. Thirteen centuries before Wilde, Aetius of Amida, lacking rubber, used the scooped out half of a pomegranate, while in the 18th century, Casanova himself used half a squeezed out lemon. So impressed with Casanova's method was Marie Stopes that she included it in her book, *Birth Control Today*.

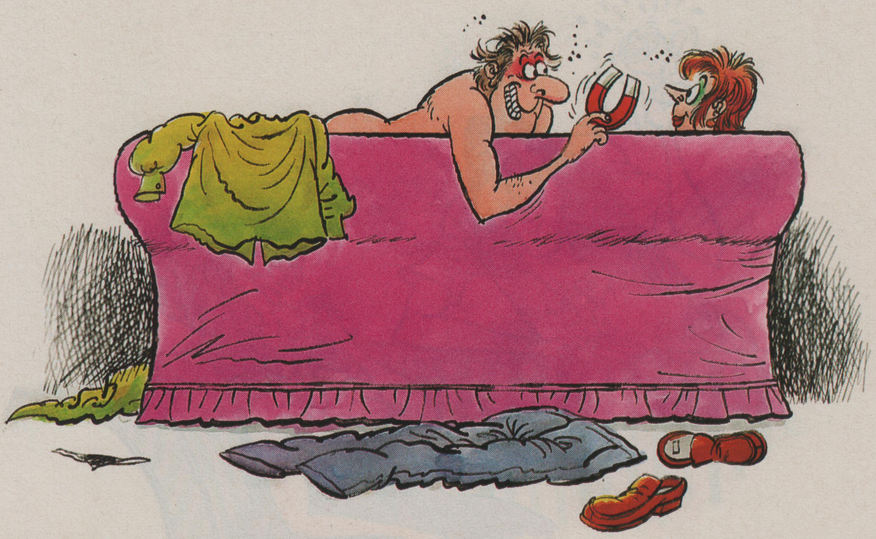
These methods were difficult to use, and destroyed the spontaneity of sex. A less obtrusive alternative had to be found — the condom.

Known to the English as 'French letter' and to the French as *la capote Anglaise*, the true origin of the condom remains a mystery. Condoms have been around for over 3,500 years. The Egyptians used them as protection against bilharzia (a disease caused by an aquatic worm which can enter the body through any orifice), the Romans against VD. Though originally made of animal bladders, many materials have been used. Gabrielle Fallopio, the great Italian anatomist, first to describe them in 1564, used linen condoms as protection against syphilis. Though folklore attributes their invention to a Dr Condom at the court of Charles II, the name first appeared in print in poem of 1716 describing the condom as a 'guard against the Harm of Love. White Kennett's poem of 1724, *The Machine, or Love's Preservative*, shows recognition of its true value.

Hear and attend: In CUNDUM's praise
I sing and thou, O Venus! aid my lays.
By this Machine, secure, the willing Maid
Can taste Love's Joys, nor is she more afraid
Her Swelling Belly should or squalling Brat,
Betray the luscious Pastime she had been at.

Eighteenth century condoms were made from animal bowel, and, judging from a quantity

Condoms sent to Mexico were in three sizes — only the 'Super Macho' lengths sold for some strange reason



One of the more bizarre male contraceptives was an implanted valve — operated by a magnet

found in 1953, came in variety of sizes, each tied with a ribbon at the open end. Mrs Philips of London was the biggest supplier proclaiming in her adverts: 'We defy anyone to equal our goods in England.'

Casanova shows that a good deal of pleasure could be had just finding the right size condom. Visiting a brothel he was offered a packet of a dozen. 'I put myself in the right position, and ordered her to choose me one that fitted well. Sulkily, she began examining and measuring. "This one doesn't fit well", I told her. "Try another". Another and another; and suddenly I splashed her well and truly.'

Condom size has been the subject of many debates, and almost caused a diplomatic incident. When first supplied to Thailand, American condoms kept slipping off, much to the dissatisfaction of the Thais. As a result erections were measured in Bangkok massage parlours and in America. The average Asian penis was found to be 5.14 inches long and 4.34 inches in circumference, while Caucasians fared better with 6.0 inches and 5.0 inches. Anxious not to make the same mistake, the Japanese paid volunteers to make agar casts of their erect organs.

A lady with the unfortunate name of Barbara Seaman suggested in March 1978 that American condoms be marketed in three sizes, 'Jumbo, Colossal and Super Colossal, so that men don't have to go in and ask for small.' More recently, as part of America's 'condoms for foreigners' programme, condoms were sent to Mexico marked, 'Small, Medium and Super Macho', only the last being taken up.

Surprisingly Marie Stopes disapproved of condoms, though she pointed out that 'large elongated toy balloons' could be had from Woolworths. She believed that semen supplied a stimulant to the woman which could, 'benefit and nourish their whole system.' Only to newly weds did she recommend the condom as the inexperienced man may be, 'a little clumsy and thus fail in the proper placement of the ejaculate,' an event which might, 'cause such revulsion on the part of the Bride that the effect may be lifelong and ineradicable.'

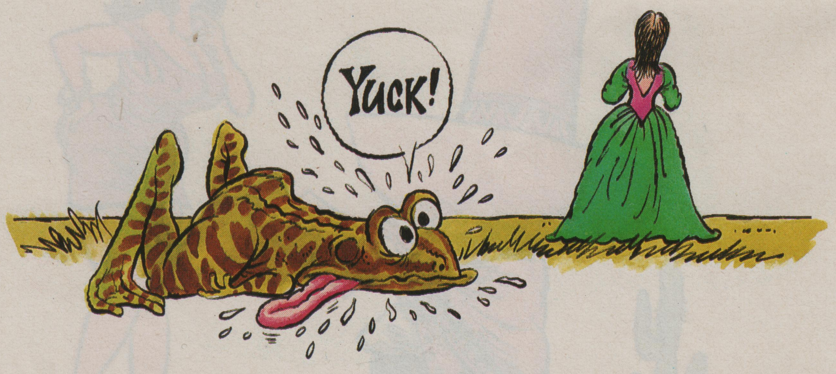
If, as frequently happens, the condom should burst, the woman need not despair. She can turn to the ancient art of douching. In ancient Egypt, douch maids were employed to wash out the vagina with wine, garlic and fennel. Extremely messy and difficult to use, the douch never really caught on, Marie Stopes even describing it as 'unreliable, unwholesome and psychologically harmful.' Its main survival seems to be in the Far East, where girls now douche themselves with Diet Coke, making a mockery of the slogan, 'Coke adds life.'

Permanent sterility is the main alternative to intermittent contraception, and some of the earliest methods of sterilization can be found amongst the Australian aborigines. In 1894, J G Garson MD described how 18 year olds were selected from the tribe to undergo the ceremony of *mica*. A small incision was made in the front of the scrotum, severing the urethra. Both urine and semen then passed out of the resulting hole. Alternatively, a thin sliver of kangaroo bone was inserted into the the urethra at the base of the penis until it emerged at the glans. The urethra was then laid open along the length of the bone. Thanks to modern surgical techniques men are now spared the agonies of *mica*, and can undergo vasectomy. Sterilization being permanent, ways have been sought to help those men who, after surgery, feel a need for more children. One idea which never really caught on was patented on May 8, 1973 by James M Loe. The 'Corporeal Fluid Control Using Bistable Magnetic Duct Valve' was to be implanted on the sperm duct, and, by means of a magnet, the user could open or close the valve, thus controlling their sterility. Less formidable were the sperm banks. In 1972, *Science* reported the opening of the world's first in Maryland, USA. The customer, they reported, 'strolls into Idant's small laboratory . . . fills out a form, and pays 80 dollars for the processing and storage of three samples. He then retreats to a tiny room furnished with a comfortable armchair, two pornographic magazines, and an ashtray.' He can then proceed with vasectomy, a relieved man.

That some people are naturally sterile has been known for centuries. The trick has been to decide who, before it is too late. Egypt's Berlin papyrus gives some useful tips. 'Fumigate the woman with hippopotamus dung', it advises. 'If she urinates, or evacuates, or passes wind at the same time, she will bear, but if she does not she will not.' For those lacking a ready supply of hippopotamus dung there is a simpler method. 'Take the woman, and stand her in a doorway where her face can be seen, then examine her eyes closely. If one is like that of a Asiatic and the other that of a negress, she will not bear.' The advice gives a new meaning to gazing into your sweetheart's eyes.

Women today unblessed with an unmatched pair of eyes, can confidently place their trust in the Pill. In 1958, two years befor the contraceptive pill became a reality, Aldous Huxley coined the term in his, *Brave New World Revisited*. Long before Huxley, other visionaries had developed their own versions. Dioscorides, in the first century, confidently announced that the bark of the white poplar tree, ground into a solution with a mule's kidney, and drunk would make an effective contraceptive. He based his idea on the fact that the mule is sterile, an idea also seized on by the ancient Moroccans. They made a bread from mule hoof enriched flour, which they claimed would transfer the mule's sterility.

By the middle ages the art of oral contraception had reached new heights. A powerful contraceptive could be made, it was said, by boiling the penis of a strong wolf with some pubic hair. Producing the same effect was a veal and vegetable soup, to which had been added the powdered penis of a red bull. Equally effective have been some of the oral contraceptives recommended in modern times. In 1957, China, driven to desperation by its massive population problem, conducted an experiment to determine the effectiveness of a Chinese folk contraceptive. Sixty women took part in the Chinese test. The instructions read: 'Fresh tadpoles should be



In medieval times, it was said, a woman would avoid pregnancy if she spat into the mouth of a frog

BRIEF and SEXY
Minimum Coverage Guaranteed!
FREE OFFER VALUE — OVER £23
Over £20 worth of bonus vouchers
£3 full colour, fully exposed catalogue
When you purchase any brief and sexy outfit featured on this page.
GREAT VALUE OFFERS
A body hugging backless, wet look playsuit. One size in red or black.
1330 Opal £12.95
Split-front bra & brief set. One size in red or black.
1745 Coral £8.95
Revealing stretch fishnet playsuit. One size in black, red or white.
1571 Entice £7.95
Garter belt and matching heart-shaped G-string and Garter Set. One size in pink, blue and white.
1553 Petal £8.90
Briefest of tantalising tassle-sets Red or black.
1716 Playsuit £4.99
Lacy French style cami — suspender and briefs. White or black.
1201 Michelle £12.95 — sizes 10/12 14/16
High-cut wet-look suspender briefs. Colour black.
1348 Mina £6.99
He'll be powerless to resist you in this high -cut, wet-look playsuit. Complete this erotic outfit with seductive wet-look bed boots. Colour black.
1245 Playsuit £12.95 —sizes 10/12 14/16
1246 Bed boots £17.95 —sizes S.M.L.
1244 Complete set £29.90
TRADE ENQUIRIES WELCOME
Access
24hr Credit Card Hotline
VISA
AMERICAN EXPRESS
Tel: 0689 48621
CALLERS WELCOME 9-5 p.m. Mon-Sat
lovelace LINGERIE
Please rush me, under plain cover, the item(s) ticked below.
CODE | SIZE | COLOUR | PRICE
I enclose cash/cheque/PO made payable to L.M.O. for £
Lovelace Ltd. Reg. No. 1329514
Please include my FREE bonus vouchers & catalogue
Catalogue only £3 (redeemable against first order)
Adult Novelty Catalogue free with either of the above.
Name
Address
Postcode
LOVELACE MAIL ORDER Dept. MF1
Aztec House, Vulcan Way, New Addington, Croydon CR0 9UG

washed clean in cooled boiled water, and swallowed whole three to four days after menstruation. Fourteen live tadpoles on day one, and ten more on the second day will prevent conception for five years. To be forever sterile, repeat the formula twice.'

In the test each woman swallowed 24 live tadpoles on day one, and 20 on day two. Presumably the scientists wanted to be doubly certain of the result. Surprisingly for them 43 per cent of the women were soon pregnant. Despite this setback, Cheng Pui-yuen of the Nanking Pharmaceutical Research Institute wrote in 1964 that tadpoles had been found to be 'rather effective.' He added that it only remained to isolate the active constituent of the tadpole. Thanks to such optimism, China's population remains the world's largest, increasing by 38,700 each day.

Of all the world's oral contraceptives the most exclusive must have been the one used by Tibetan women. Its main ingredient was the dried excrement of the Dalai Lama, ruler of Tibet.

Reliance on folk magic has played a large part in the history of contraception. Oral contraception-in-reverse was used by medieval women, who would spit three times into the mouth of a frog. For long term protection they had simply to urinate on the urine of a wolf. Simpler still, but equally effective, was for the woman to sit on her fingers on the way to her wedding, each finger representing one child-free year.

Belief in symbolic acts became widespread throughout Europe. Sixteenth century Balkan women fixed an unlocked padlock to their dress before setting off for their weddings. The number of steps she made outside her house before locking the padlock represented her chosen number of child-less years. When the groom arrived to take her to the church she could decide how many children she would have by climbing up a ladder, each rung representing one child. Provided the groom did not call the whole thing off as she climbed higher and higher, she could reinforce the spell by dropping grains of barley into her wedding shoes.

Less pleasant but equally effective were the beliefs involving the dead. Moroccan girls, fearing themselves pregnant, would step three times over a fresh grave, or they could go to the grave of a dead younger sister and shout, 'I do not want any more children.' Dead younger sisters not always being available, this could be rather difficult. Middle European women shook the coffin of a dead child for similar effect, or washed themselves in water in which a dead child had been washed.

Repugnant in the extreme was the medieval French women's custom of wearing about the neck the finger and anus of a still-born child. As a contraceptive its passion killing powers probably made it quite effective. Alternatively, the tooth of a child placed in an amulet was to be worn attached to the woman's anus. The wearing of amulets has a long and ineffective history.

Aetius of Amida recommended wearing an amulet of ivory around the neck, the contents of which should be, 'part of the womb of a lioness.' When lionesses are out of season he suggests, 'the milk of a she-ass,' with myrtle and black ivy berries wrapped in the skin of a hare, mule or stag.' Arab women fared equally badly, being encouraged to wear on their breast a box of rabbit droppings.

Where on her body the women wore the amulet seems to have been as important as its contents. Aetius states that a cat's liver should be worn in a tube on the left foot, or, if the lady prefers the cat's testicles, she should wear them around her navel. Sixteenth century women wore salamander hearts tied to their knee and weasel's testicles on their thigh. Also said to be effective were weasel feet worn around the neck, provided that the weasel was left alive after amputation.

Despite all these contraceptives, women continued to fall pregnant, and, in despair, turned to the only options left. Abortion and infanticide have been around far longer than contraception, and several cultures have adopted them as an alternative. Girls have been the main victims of infanticide, being regarded in many cultures as burdens. So rife was infanticide in classical Greece that father would publicly announce whether he intended to keep his new born child or not.

Midwives were, in most cultures, as skilful at disposing of unwanted pregnancies as they were at delivering babies. Very often the writers who gave advice on contraception saw no distinction between contraception and abortion as means of preventing unwanted babies. Almost all of the books dealing with contraception also dealt with abortion, sometimes graphically. A seventh century Chinese text gives a recipe for 'The Thousand of Gold Prescription for Abortion,' which states, 'the foetus will become like rice gruel and the mother will be without suffering.'

Despite, or perhaps because of these centuries of contraceptive practice, the world's population continues to expand at an ever increasing rate. In 1987 the number of people on the Earth exceeded five billion, and is growing at the rate of 150 a minute. The quest for the perfect contraceptive continues.

MAYFAIR PHOTO SERVICE

DEVELOPING and PRINTING

Have your holiday and glamour films developed and printed through our private photo service. We're fast, efficient and completely discreet

12/20/24 exp. FOR ONLY £5.99		36 exp. FOR ONLY £7.99
All prices include p&p	No. of films	Total £

35mm mounted slides 20 or 36exp **£7.99** INCL. P&P
(£1 for total failure)

All prices include p&p	No. of films	Total £

Enclose Kodacolour, Sakura, Boots, Tudor, Fuji (C41 process) films in 110, 126 or 135 sizes only. This service is NOT available for black-and-white, Submin, Half Frame or Disc Films. Place films in a strong envelope together with cheque or postal order made payable to MAYFAIR PHOTO SERVICE. Film accepted on basis that its value does not exceed material cost. We reserve the right to change prices without prior notice and to alter finishes/materials subject to exigency of production. Please allow up to 14 days for return of prints.

NAME ______________________

ADDRESS ______________________

Send your order to:

M24/6

MAYFAIR PHOTO SERVICE,
6 Great James Street,
London WC1N 3DA.

MAYFAIR PHOTO SERVICE Reg Office FPC (Advertising & Marketing) Ltd, 6 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DA.

LESLEY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

'When I was young I was convinced I was of Royal stock,' says 23-year old Lesley Watts of Grantham. 'I always imagined that I was secretly the daughter of some Royal personage, who embarrassed by the circumstances surrounding my birth, had bequeathed me to parents of humbler origin to be brought up until he was free to claim me. Sadly, I'm still waiting,' admits the 34-25-36 beauty.

Although she is long past such delusions, Lesley claims: 'I still can't resist waving from the windows of cars to the eager masses I imagine thronging to watch me go by.' This has led to a number of bemused traffic policemen, road sweepers and sundry other pedestrians in the Grantham area. 'My Dad doesn't help much either, always referring to me as Princess,' she adds, doing her best to do her version of the Lady-Di-looking-under-the-peak-of-her-hat routine. Very convincingly she does it too. Even without the aid of a hat. Away from her blue-blooded aspirations, Lesley works as an articled clerk for a firm of Grantham solicitors. Does she have any problems sticking to her briefs? 'I'd prefer not to answer that,' she says haughtily, immediately reverting to her Princess voice. She has obviously heard every legal joke that could possibly be thrown at her. 'Please,' she says, 'no "Court in the act!" "We'll be the Judge of that" and definitely no obvious "soliciting" puns.' Lesley's withering remarks are enough to stop anyone in mid-sentence, but how does she reconcile her work with her pre-occupations? 'Well, the case is always the Crown versus so and so isn't it . . .?' And appearing in *Mayfair* how does that fit in? 'You must have heard of regal baring . . .' she says.

'I'LL MAKE YOU AN OFFER...'

Mayfair has cost £1.50 for two full years. However this year we've had to raise the price to £1.75.

But here's my offer. I'll let you have a year's subscription at our old price of £20. That is well below the bookstall price. I'll also send you our next world-beating *Best of Mayfair* Collector's Edition. Each issue comes to you print fresh and pre-publication in a plain envelope.

Inside, you'll find the cars and collectables, the humour and the heart-stopping girls that make *Mayfair* Britain's biggest-selling men's magazine.*

Mayfair makes a great gift. Why not send it to a friend? Just write your message on the gift card and I'll send it to the recipient with the first subscription issue.

Pat Asquith

*Audit Bureau of Circulations Jun/Dec 1988

ORDER FORM

To Subscriptions, Fisk Publishing Co Ltd, 6 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DA.

Please send me 12 issues of Mayfair beginning with Vol . . . No . . .

PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

PLEASE SEND A GIFT SUBSCRIPTION TO:

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

Beginning with Vol . . . No . . . . Please fill in your own name and address.

I enclose a cheque/PO payable to Fisk Publishing Co Ltd, or debit my Access/American Express account no .... We also welcome telephone orders from credit card customers. Ring 01 242 1593 between 9.30am and 5pm and ask for Credit Card Sales.

We offer a great deal for foreign subscribers too. A subscription from any overseas address costs £30 Sterling, but look at these local currency prices all of which are well below bookstall rates.

AUSTRIA 600 A SCH/ BELGIUM 1750 B FR/ GERMANY 100 DM/ HOLLAND 100 FL/ FRANCE 300 FR/ SPAIN 5000 PTAS/ SWITZERLAND 70 S FR/ NTH AMERICA US $45. M24/6

BEST WISHES

Give a subscription as a present. Write your personal message to him on the slip above and we'll ensure he gets it with the first month's issue

GENTLEMEN THAT REMINDS ME. . .

After six months prospecting for gold, a miner visited the local trading post desperate for a woman.
'Nothing much around here,' the storekeeper told him, 'only the odd Eskimo woman, or old Joe the store hand.'
'Can't take no Eskimo woman,' said the miner, 'and sure as hell ain't taking no man.' And he left in disgust.
Three months later he came back, was made the same offer, and again refused. But by his third visit, he was absolutely determined to find some sex.
'Listen,' he told the storekeeper, 'I ain't got the time to go searching for an Eskimo woman. I'll have to settle for Old Joe.'
'Cost you 30 dollars,' he was told. 'That's ten for me, ten for Joe, and ten for Bill the cook.'
'How's that?' asked the miner, feeling cheated. 'What the hell has it got to do with the cook?'
'Well,' explained the storekeeper, 'takes two of us to hold him down; you see, Old Joe ain't too keen on men either.'

'Of the hunt I'd begun to despair,'
Said a youth with a faraway air,
'Until a lady in pink,
Made me rethink,
With a flash of her own foxy lair.'

Henry the novice naturist took Henrietta, his young lady, on their first nudist holiday. Being a keen young amateur, Henry overdid things on his first day and rather allowed the sun to tan parts not usually tanned.
By the time they returned to their holiday apartment, Henry was feeling more than a little sore. In spite of that, and because he was never one to disappoint a lusty young thing like Henrietta, he undertook to peform his nightly duties. In mid-bonk his sunburnt member became more than he could bear, and he dashed from the bedroom and thrust his afflicted appendage into a glass of cool refreshing milk. Henrietta, concerned at his mid-coitus departure, chose that moment to burst into the kitchen.
'Oh that's how you do it,' she said, 'I've always wondered how you load those things.'

Does the lateral coital position mean having a bit on the side?

Three Harley Street surgeons were talking shop over drinks at their club. The first said, 'I had an oil sheik in my clinic last month. He wanted a cornea transplant. Of course, he was rolling in money, so I carried out the operation.'
The second doctor chipped in.
'Well, I had a Greek shipping magnate visit me last week. He wrote me a blank cheque for a liver transplant.'
Then the third consultant spoke up.
'That's nothing. I grafted the most beautiful pair of female breasts onto a fellow's back recently.'
His two companions were amazed.
'That's a tricky operation,' said one, 'must have set him back a fortune.'
'Was he a millionaire?' enquired the other.
'No,' their colleague replied. 'Mind you, he will be if his rectum lasts out.'

Under new regulations to counter the growing tide of adult illiteracy and protect the unfortunate sufferers from embarassment, NHS specialists are now required to donate their area of concern by a system of individual and distinctive doors. In future all opticians doors will feature a peephole, psychiatrist's doors must be almost unhinged and gynaecologist's doors must be open just a crack.

During an Air Show, a joy-ride pilot was arguing vigorously with a Scotsman over the price of taking him and his wife up for a spin. Eventually he became so irate over the haggling that he made up his mind to teach the man a lesson. He offered to take the couple up for free, provided that the Scot did not utter a single syllable during the entire flight. If he did, the cost would be a hefty £200. The Scot, pretty sure he could be tight-lipped, as well as tight-fisted, agreed with alacrity.
The pilot fitted the couple in the back cockpit, and put a headset on the man so he would know if he spoke. Once they were in the air, the pilot went into a routine of every aerobatic manoeuvre in the book. Looping the loop, barrel rolls, vertical climbs, stall and flat spins, power dives with last-minute pull out. Through it all, to the pilot's great surprise, the Scotsman did not even raise a murmur. So as they landed, the pilot congratulated the man over the intercom, and admitted he was astonished at his ability to remain silent.
'Aye,' remarked the passenger, 'twere easy enough to start with, but I did have to bite me tongue a bit when the missus fell out. . .'

Share your after dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', *Mayfair* magazine, 6 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DA. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding of a subscription to the winner is final.

Shirley and Ron

Michelle and Jeffrey

Sharon and Michael

Jane and Trevor

Marion and Terry

'We met through Dateline'

You too can find love

Dateline has been the secret factor in many, many thousands of romances and happy marriages – if you would like a 'love story' of your own, someone to love and care for, and you are beginning to wonder where you can find that special person, come to Dateline.

Many tens of thousands of people of all ages and occupations, from all over the country, join Dateline every year looking for happiness and a loving partner. The couples in our advertisements are just a few of the thousands who find it. If you want to meet someone with the same hopes, ambitions and interests as yourself, and are simply not meeting them socially or at work, Dateline, the largest, longest established and most successful computer dating agency in the world, can open up a whole new circle of people; interesting, suitable people who could be living very close to you, people who you might never meet without Dateline's help.

To find out how Dateline could be successful for you, complete the coupon below and send it to us in complete confidence, and without any obligation. We will send you FREE a full colour, comprehensive guide to how Dateline works, and ALSO a free copy of "All you need is Love", a book full of genuine stories of how real Dateline members found their 'perfect partner'. This tells you more than any brochure possibly could, the true story of Dateline...

Start your 'love story', by posting this coupon today to: Dateline, 23 Abingdon Rd., London W8 6AH or simply phone us on: 01 938 1011

FREE

Please send me (without obligation)
- My FREE book, 'All you need is love' – stories of real people who have found love through Dateline
- A full colour guide on how Dateline can work for me.
- Details of just one of the many Dateline members who could be my 'Perfect Partner'.
- I enclose 3 first class stamps

1. START HERE I AM OVER 17

Single___ Widowed___ Divorced___
Your Sex ___ put M or F
Your Height ___ ft. ___ ins.
Your age ___ yrs.
Age you would like to meet ___ min. ___ max.
(BLOCK CAPITALS)
First Name ________
Surname ________
Address ________
Postcode ________
Occupation ________
Religion ________

2. Tick ✓ which characteristics best describe you.

ARE YOU:
- Warmhearted ☐
- Serious ☐
- Considerate ☐
- Shy ☐
- Romantic ☐
- Fashionwise ☐
- Practical ☐
- Conventional ☐
- Reliable ☐
- Adventurous ☐

3. Tick ✓ those activities you enjoy, put an ✗ against those you dislike, and leave blank those where you have no preference.

DO YOU ENJOY:

Wining/Dining ☐	Jazz/Folk music ☐
Pubs ☐	Classical music ☐
Sports/Keep Fit ☐	Theatre/Arts ☐
Politics/History ☐	Watching TV ☐
Reading ☐	Smoking ☐
Travelling ☐	Drinking ☐
Science/Tech. ☐	Children ☐
Cinema ☐	Homemaking ☐
Pets/Animals ☐	Gardening ☐
Pop/Rock music ☐	Countryside ☐

Dateline Dept (F 7 9) 23 Abingdon Rd. London W8 6AH. Tel: 01 938 1011.

Dateline is a member of the Association of British Introduction Agencies.

Dateline THE WORLD'S LARGEST AND MOST SUCCESSFUL AGENCY

Press Gang!

continued from page 28

greeting, he put his hand under the door of the cell. His wife, with a mallet and chisel, 'struck off a finger and thumb to render him unfit for His Majesty's service'.

Perhaps the most common complaint faked was epilepsy. This condition, if genuine, would sooner or later mean death to a man working a hundred feet aloft on a yardarm. Many was the 'rondy' that heard pitiful groans coming from the press-room in the dead of night. The victim would be brought from among his alarmed companions, and laid on the floor outside. His teeth would be clenched, his lips hidden behind blood-stained foam, his limbs rigid, his back arched. Sadly for this fine performance many of the older gangers had seen it all before. One of them would tip hot tallow from a candle onto the bare skin of the sufferer. Only a genuine sufferer from epilepsy could withstand the pain. In most cases the afflicted man made an instant recovery, and spat blistering curses at the broadly smiling gangers.

When a sufficient number of men were held, either at a rendezvous or on a tender, arrangements had to be made to transfer them to the receiving hulks at the Royal Dockyards for onward transmission to the man-hungry warships. Transfer could be by land or water, the method depending on speed, cost, and security. In general it cost more to ship the pressed men by water; whether by river, canal or sea; but it was both quicker and safer.

Pressed men far preferred to travel by land, for the chances of escape were much higher. In rare cases the Admiralty would allow the expense of a coach but in most cases the men walked under a strong escort of gangers. There were certain parts of the country where the presence of a gang, and its escort was a highly provocative sight. One such route was that between Appledore and Plymouth. The road wended its way over bleak moorland, and past numerous quarries. The quarrymen and miners, tough, hardy men, had little love for the gangers, and delighted in assaulting the gangers and freeing their captives.

At length the pressed men were conveyed to receiving stations, generally old warships with the guns and masts hoisted out. These rotting hulks were crowded, unpleasant, insanitary, and breeding grounds for disease. The Sandwich, for instance, was receiving ship for the Royal Dockyard at Sheerness in 1797. Built in 1759 she was a 90 gun ship no longer fit to stand in the line-of-battle. Under wartime conditions she would have a crew of about 750 men. Sandwich acted as flagship for the Sheerness anchorage and to that end had 400 men on board. Crammed below she had an estimated 1100-1200 pressed men and volunteers awaiting assignment to their respective ships, or something like twice the amount of an already cramped wartime crew.

Once aboard a receiving ship the pressed man's chance of escaping his fate was almost gone. He was given a final regulation to discover if he was medically fit enough to serve, and whether he was exempt for any reason from the press. Those with genuine medical ailments or with cast-iron legal reasons for immunity from impressment would be released, but for the majority of men taken aboard a receiving hulk, naval service loomed. Hundreds of thousands of men, Collingwood's nurseryman included, passed into the man-hungry maws of England's 'Wooden Walls' before Napoleon's final downfall on the field of Waterloo saw the practice begin to die out.

WE OFFER A GREAT DEAL

Did you miss 38D teenager Zoe Lee who bust into Vol 21 No 12? Then get a back number. Order from the list below or buy our £5 five-pack: Vol 21 Nos 1, 4, 6, 9 and 12.

Other back numbers available include:
VOL. 21 No. 1 *(Miss Scotland finalist nude, skate-sailing)* £1.65; **2** *(Julie from The Late Late Breakfast Show, Gloster Gladiator)* £1.65; **3** *(Miss Austria nude, Kent's vicious smugglers)* £1.65; **4** *(Marianne, the girl who beat Joan Collins to Peter Holm's bed, Spitfire)* £1.65; **5** *(Starbird of the Year finalist Tracy Neve, Andrea Kovic, The Kayak raid on Singapore)* £1.65; **6** *(The de-throned Miss France, Kamikaze)* £1.65; **7** *(The real Makepeace look alike, Nuclear submarine disasters)* £1.65; **9** *(Nudest Cambridge MA, Prussia's army of giants)* £1.65; **10** *(Princess Siggi strips, Alfa Romeos)* £1.65; **11** *(TV hostess Sue Lee, Death of a stunt pilot)* £1.65; **12** *(Lydia's ghostly strip, E-type Jaguars)* £2.50; **VOL. 22 No. 1** *(Pop star Mel Appleby, Free-fall parachuting)* £2.00; **2** *(Duncan Norvelle's girlfriend, Flying with NATO's fighters)* £2.00; **4** *(Debee Ashby's first nude pictures, Early Jaguars)* £2.00; **5** *(The MP's nudest secretary, Microlight aerobatics)* £2.00; **6** *(The sexy secretary from 'Rude Health', Blue-blooded Bugattis)* £2.00; **7** *(Elisha and Louise — the birds bared by the Beastie Boys, The hellish war galley ships)* £2.00; **8** *(Barest MP, Sacred Cowes)* £2.00; **9** *(The Hostess From* Bob's Full House, *Canoeing Down Cliffs)* £2.00; **10** *(Richard Branson's lady's nude modelling days, DIY planes)* £2.00; **11** *(Princess Stephanie's love rival,* Penthouse *editor nude, Huey the helicopter hero of Vietman)* £2.00; **VOL. 23 No. 1** *(Sir Ralph's Lee Ann, Byron)* £2.00; **2** *(Chris Quinten's girlfriend Jacqui Bell, The Great Escape)* £2.00; **3** (Grange Hill *schoolgirl Paula-Ann Bland, Baader-Meinhof)* £2.00; **4** *(Miss Poland poses, the Dracula mystery)* £2.00; **5** *(Natalie Banus — first time nude, GTO Ferrari's)* £2.00; **6** *(Maria Whittaker, Armada)* £2.00; **7** *(Karen Brennan, Fifties US cars)* £2.00; **8** *(Sabrina strips, the original Jack the Lad)* £2.00; **9** (Daily Mirror *Dream girl Amanda Forbes, Niagara)* £2.00; **10** *(Andrea, the MP's wife, Rock stars' sex in public)* £2.00; **11** *(Rock fan Julie Wilson, Britain's UFOs)* £2.00; **12** *(Your 40 favourite Girls of the Year, Jack the Ripper)* 2.70; **Vol 24 No 1** *(Tony Jacklin's birdie, Bonnie Prince Charlie)* £2.30; **2** *(Yvette Mountjoy, UVA kit cars)* £2.30; **3** *(Trick or Treat girls, Viz Kids)* £2.00; **4** *(Naughty Nurse Rowena, Samurai — the cut-throat poets)* £2.00; **5** *(Christine Keeler and the Girls from Scandal)* £2.00; **Best of Mayfair No. 3,** £2.25; **Best of Mayfair No. 4,** £2.50; **Best of Mayfair No. 5,** £2.65; **Best of Mayfair No. 6,** £2.65; **Best of Mayfair No. 8,** £2.90; **Mayfair's Girls of Summer No. 1,** £2.70; **Mayfair's Girls of Summer No. 2,** £2.70.

To: Pat Asquith, Mayfair,
6 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DA.
Please send me your bargain offer and/or
these separate issues ....
Name ....
Address ....
....

If you don't wish to cut your magazine, photocopy this coupon or send your order on plain paper.

I enclose a cheque/postal order for £ ....
Reg. London No. 875169 M24/6

Just Desserts

continued from page 50

busy and I caught sight of her as Milano greeted her at the door with a wipe of his Italian eyes. He helped her off with her coat as if he expected her to have nothing on underneath. I was helpless. I had a shipping order of drinks, and Isabel was testy. Last night I'd tried the subtle art of seduction, and she'd rolled over in bed with her put down sigh.

'Stop mawling me Alan, I'm too tired.'

I buckled down to the evening's trade. It was nice to see Isabel filling the till but Jesus! Just once I managed to close in on Emma's table and ask her how she was doing.

'Lot of hungry people,' she said, and gestured round the room.

'You'd think there was a famine on,' I said, and swerved away to see what the manic table of five wanted in the middle of the room.

The bliss of Sunday. Me flaked out on the sofa scanning the papers and Isabel in the bedroom engrossed in the accounts. I was anticipating sundown and drawing the cork on the chilled bottle of Chablis in the fridge. The flinty liquid trickling down my throat. Damn! The telephone sabotaged the calm.

'Alan? It's Kelly. Sorry to disturb you and all that but I've left my purse in the restaurant. It's got my cash cards inside.'

'So?' I said, knowing well what was coming.

'You couldn't open up for me? I need some readies.'

I wasn't too happy but I agreed, and told Isabel I'd be gone half-an-hour. She grunted something about the inefficiency of staff, and continued pouring over her spreadsheets.

Kelly was leaning against the restaurant door as I pulled up outside.

'I should dock your wages — misuse of management time.'

'Don't worry — I'll make it up to you.'

I ushered her into the restaurant, and went over to lean on the bar as she crossed the room and pushed through the servery door.

'Hi Alan! Table for one?'

I almost jumped out of my skin. There was Emma standing in the doorway.

'You are open, aren't you?'

'Are you serious?'

'Seriously starving.'

I glanced at the servery door expecting Kelly to swing through.

'We're meant to be closed. I was just in here for a minute. Kelly's picking up her bag.'

'Isn't that a lucky co-incidence.'

She walked toward me, and leant beside me. Her eyes twinkled. She looked so fresh, dressed in a loose fitting ochre blouse, jazzy waistcoat, high waisted skirt, with her bare legs and low heeled shoes.

'The least you can offer me is a beer.'

'The least,' I said, and scootered round to the fridge.

She drank straight from the bottle and then set it down.

'That hits the spot.'

She smiled. It was all innocent, and I was prepared to believe the co-incidence as long as Kelly re-appeared soon.

'Hang on a second Emma.'

When I returned Emma watched my approach in the mirror.

'I just wanted to check what was on the menu.'

Emma turned and leant back with her elbows on the bar. Her breasts lifted against the material of her blouse.

'And Kelly seems to have escaped through the back door.'

'Shame,' said Emma, 'Does that mean there's nobody left to serve me? I thought it was my lucky day, catching you open.'

Her eyes glinted mischievously. They were like lights at the end of the tunnel but I kept cool. Knowing my luck they'd turn out to be an express train!

'What would you like to start?' I said.

'Something I can eat with my fingers.'

The light was fading outside as I ferried over her plate, and the smell of hot butter lifted off the asparagus. Emma picked up the last stalk and dipped it in the hollandaise.

'Perfect choice,' she murmured and nibbled the flesh. I wanted to groan. It was excruciating being on the brink of should I, shouldn't I. There was the spectre of Isabel lurking at home perhaps checking her watch and thinking this is a long half hour.

Butter was dribbling out of the corner of Emma's mouth, and her tongue flicked out to catch the dribble as her eyes lifted to meet mine. It WAS going to be a long half hour!

'So what's next?'

'I'd hate not to give you something you liked.'

I reached for her plate but her hand clasped my wrist.

'I'm sure you won't let me down.'

She lifted my hand and bit gently into the palm.

'Is that your order?'

I bent my face level with hers, and slid my hand to cup her shoulder.

'I've never eaten a waiter before.'

'Patron — please!'

She smiled and moved her lips to meet mine. I tasted butter and hollandaise and then her tongue working on mine. It set off all kinds of distant potent memories and a surge of blood to stiffen my cock.

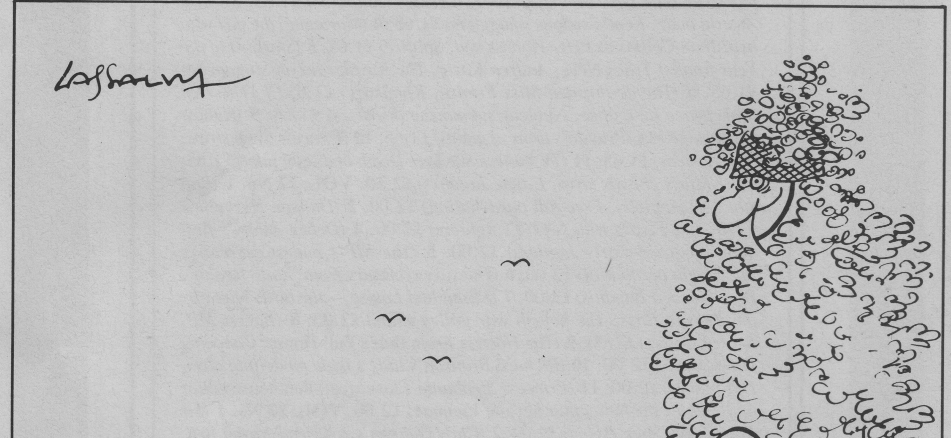
'Have I got the timing right?'

Emma whispered in my ear and tangled her fingers in my hair. I didn't answer but knelt and began to rummage amongst her clothes, catching a soft handful of breast encased in lace and the grape of a nipple hardening under my caress. She shifted away from the table, and pulled my head into her lap as she slacked her legs apart. It was so ennervating and I ran my hands along the outside of her loamy thighs taking her skirt up with them until I glimpsed the stretched red slik of her panties. I licked the smooth material tracing the shape of her sex with my tongue, sniffing the scent of another woman and probing for the rough feel of pubic hair. Emma started moaning and pressing my face into her.

'Eat me, eat me!'

I ferreted in with my finger to pull her panties aside, and then jammed my tongue into the moist craving flesh. For a second I paused to drag away

turn to page 88



NOW YOU CAN GET IT 3 TIMES EVERY WEEK

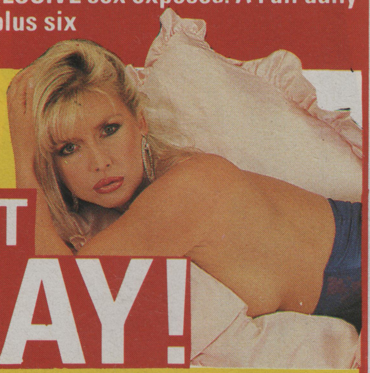
That's right! Britain's fastest growing Newspaper now comes out THREE times a week: SUNDAYS, WEDNESDAYS *and* FRIDAYS!!!

GET IT ON SUNDAYS

Yes, find out Why Sunday Sport is Britain's fastest growing Sunday Paper. 8 (Yes EIGHT) Topless girls in colour in every issue — and so much more! It's tops for Sport, News and Bizarre Photos and features.

GET IT WEDNESDAYS

The Sport (On Wednesdays) was launched just a few months ago — but already it's making a name for itself with EXPLOSIVE sex exposés. A Full daily newspaper in every meaning of the word — plus six topless girls in colour in every 25p issue.



It's New

THE SPORT 25p

AND NOW YOU CAN GET IT EVERY FRIDAY!

It's the sensational sexy addition to your line-up of SPORT reading and it's packed with fun and way-out news.

It provides full weekend TV coverage and the low-down on the stars from the big and small screens.

It's got lots of girls — new to newspaper modelling with their biggest assets on view.

It's packed with outrageous stories and popular news items.

It's got FIONA — sexsational agony aunt — she's the hottest in Fleet Street.

It features BOBBY MOORE — former England Captain for the very best in soccer coverage.

It's a Winner — The Best racing coverage of any national newspaper. Top Tipsters The Captain and Colonel give you their Friday and Weekend selections. Plus Britain's top female tipster Mary Pye.

IT'S A KNOCKOUT — The very best boxing coverage a full page in every issue.

WIN · WIN · WIN — FREE ENTRY

It's loaded with £££ prizes week in and week out. with the launch of the new FRIDAY edition of the SPORT we are going to have a series of **GREAT FREE PRIZE DRAW COMPETITIONS £100,000's IN PRIZES: —**

- £50,000 CASH
- ROLLS ROYCE
- HOLIDAYS GALORE
- LAS VEGAS £3 MILLION JACKPOT

Open to readers of Sunday Sport, Wednesday's Sport and the new Friday edition of the Sport Now on Sale

ASK YOUR NEWSAGENT TO ADD THE NEW FRIDAY SPORT TO YOUR USUAL SUNDAY & WEDNESDAY SPORT ORDER. NOW ON SALE EVERY FRIDAY — ONLY 25p

AND SO TO BED...

M27

Bedtime becomes thrill time with our new midnight black camisole-style silk-look night gown and briefs (left) for just £24.95. Or, if you prefer a slinkier, more sophisticated style, try our black, satin-look thigh-cut version designed to show off those shapely legs, at the special price of only £22.95.

M10

100% flammable nylon: keep away from fires

ORDER FORM

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

To: FASHION OFFER, Mayfair Magazine, 6 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DA.

Please send me:

Qty . . . . . black, silk-look nightgowns (item M27) price £24.95. One size only

Qty . . . . . black, satin-look nightgowns (item M10) price £22.95. One size only

TELEPHONE ORDERS WELCOME
RING CREDIT CARD SALES, on 01-242 1593 (9.30am to 5pm)

I enclose cheque/postal order for £ . . . . . made payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd. Or debit my Access/American Express account.

MY CARD NO. IS . . . .

NAME . . . . ADDRESS . . . .

. . . . SIGNATURE M24/6

Please allow 21 days for delivery. If you are not completely satisfied simply return goods unmarked within 28 days of receipt for immediate refund. All prices include postage, packing, VAT and insurance. Customers outside Europe add £5.00 to total to ensure air mail delivery. All payments from abroad should be in Sterling (I.M.O.).

Just Desserts

continued from page 86

the distracting material, and then dived between her thighs, gobbling and snuffling, working Emma into a fine old mess and bringing the erection in my trousers to a yelling pitch.

God help us if Isabel decided to investigate my disappearance or Kelly came out of hiding. Emma and I were hustling up a storm, panting and blowing, squirming and seeking the pleasure of flesh on flesh.

'Don't stop!' she urged as I surfaced from beneath her thighs, and shuffled up her body until my mouth was back on hers, and my torso pressing and rubbing her excited flesh. She had to help with unzipping my fly — my hands were busy undoing the buttons of her blouse and lifting the globes of her breasts out of her bra.

Her fingers were doing amazing things with my cock, massaging it against her warm thigh until at last she guided me into her, and I shuffled forward on my knees, hooked my hands under her bum and began pumping.

She had to hang onto me to stop sliding off the chair, and my precarious position made it all the more pleasurable. Half my mind was on the delicious passage of my cock and half on maintaining a balance.

It was hopeless. A few enthusiastic thrusts, and the chair went over, tipping us, scrambling, onto the floor, with my old fellow waving around like a heat seeking missile.

The moment was frozen. Emma on her back, skirt scrunched up around her waist, blouse and bra all disarranged around her pebble nippled tits, legs splayed apart and her steamy beaver on red alert.

I went for her, she went for me and we lusted, 'I whoomped into her, and whammo bammo I was buried to the hilt in a foreign body, and she was thrusting up her pelvis, hanging onto my back, and blowing short ardent breaths in my ear.

She came first in a violent succession of jerks, and a moment later, gripped me with her thighs right through the shuddering downhill race of ejaculation.

We lay on the polished wood, sticky and sated, taking little nips at each others flesh, and watching each other's eyes.

'I suppose you're angling for a tip,' said Emma and hugged me close.

'Service included,' I said. 'Everytime.'

'Oh Alan! I'm so glad, You must have guessed. Was it so obvious?'

'Huh?'

'Me. I mean fancying you.'

What did I do now? Lying on my restaurant floor with a fucked customer, and the night coming down. Jesus, Isabel! She'd be at home now working on ways to cook my goose and I was in no shape for an alibi!

It wasn't easy to leave off the delights of Emma but I did, and by the time I arrived back at the flat, all I could think off was that at least there was no longer a death penalty.

I pushed open the door and heard voices in the living room. There was Isabel sitting along with Kelly who gave me a big hearty smile as falsely bright as a glacé cherry.

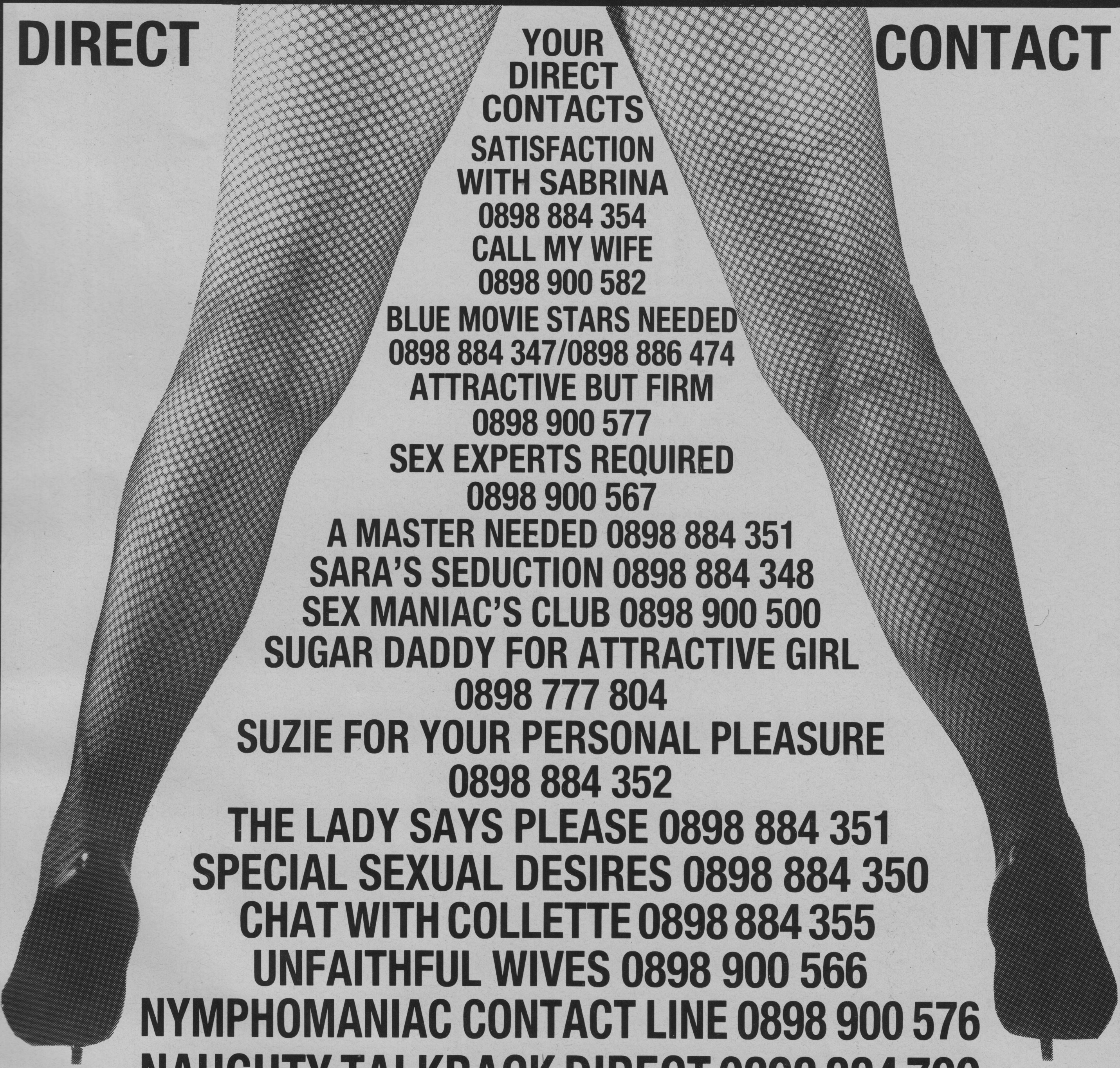
'Hi Alan, get the car fixed OK?' she said, 'Did you have to wait long for the AA man?'

'Half-an-hour or so.' I said, and glanced at Isabel.

'It wasn't anything major, was it?' she asked.

'Oh, the rotor arm. Easy to fix.'

Kelly smirked and I felt this wonderful glow inside.



NAUGHTY TALKBACK DIRECT 0898 884 700

ADULT PHONE

CALL THE

BIRDS!!

CALLS AT 38P PER MIN PEAK, 25P OFF PEAK

SANDY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOANIE ALLUM

Since Venezuelan linguist Sandy Peres came to England, life has been full of the unexpected, for this 23-year-old Caracas-cutie has been trying to master the English language, and its regional dialects. 'I thought I was learning your language well until I visited your northern towns, and met the locals,' she laughs.

'When I went into a pub in one town which I shall not name, to save embarrassment, I couldn't understand what the barman was saying to me, and when I asked him if he could speak in English, he nearly threw me out,' added Sandy with a delicious wriggle of her 34-22-34-inch figure. She's currently living in London, and studying for an English degree, when not on sightseeing trips, or modelling for *Mayfair*.

It has always been Sandy's ambition to study over here, and one day she hopes to move to England permanently. 'Although I love Caracas, I have a better chance to develop my career in your country. I would love to work in London because it is such a cosmopolitan city where a lot of languages are spoken.' Apart from speaking her country's native language, Spanish, Sandy also speaks fluent German and French. 'I've been to all three countries, but England is still my favourite. I especially love your fish and chips, and roast dinners which I eat all the time.' Coming from South America, why has she got such an English name. 'It's short for Alexandrina, and a lot less "pretentious", as you would say in England.'

EXPLICIT SCAN MAGS

UNCENSORED

-UNDER £1.50 EACH

Completely uncensored, full colour sex mags that would cost £25 each and more in Soho. Superb printing in full colour ensures that nothing is missed out, bringing you a feast of uncensored sex.

The low prices are only available because we bulk bought nearly 2 million titles and we are selling them in groups to keep the high cost of individual magazine despatch down. We are sure you will appreciate our efforts in keeping costs down and we ask only that you buy, at least, 6 titles in the groups offered.

18 SEX MAG TITLES AT CRAZY PRICES

6 TITLES £ 9.95
12 TITLES £18.95
ALL 18 £24.95

MS/11 THESE SIX MAG TITLES JUST £9.95

RODOX: Stunning well built girls turn the boys on to produce more and more frantic action.

2 GIRL: Packed with hot pics of 2 girl sex action with the older woman and her young blonde lover.

SENSATION: George when roused can satisfy, at least, three sex-hungry girls together and they love every minute of it.

COLOR CLIMAX: John Holmes' massive manhood overwhelms Ursula. You will, also, be amazed.

TRANSEXUAL TRIO: You can hear the sound of leather and the clanking of chains in this explicit portrayal. Mixed sex like you have never seen it mixed before!

PUSSYCAT: All girl group sex orgy – packed with soft blondes and big brunettes.

MS/12 THESE SIX MAG TITLES ONLY £9.95

BLUE CLIMAX: A frantic sex orgy when five well-built guys take on the mini-skirted blondes.

BI-SEXUAL ORGY: An upstairs, downstairs tale of hidden lust between the maid and the master, the butler and the mistress. The trainee nurse bares her soul to Sister.

BALLOONS: Big boob special, nipple massage, squashed melons, oiled boobs and nipple sex.

SWEDISH SEX: When it's 'lights out' in the dormitory, these sexy college girls get into a riot of sexual pleasure with each other.

THAI HOOKERS: Uniform sex and strict discipline that is the speciality of the Thai hooker.

SC*:** This famous sex magazine features the oversize Gardener and the sexy French Maid.

MS/13 THESE SIX MAG TITLES JUST £9.95

PRIVATE: While the Groom gets drunk, the bride is kept busy in a trio orgy with her bridesmaid and the best man.

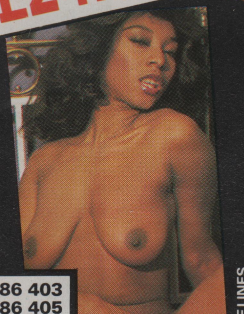
COLLEGE GIRLS: College girls galore sharing the pleasure of sex with their room-mates and any male visitor lucky enough to be invited.

EXCITING: All girl sex, on their own, together and in group sex pleasure.

SWEDISH EROTICA: She's crazy for sex, ready and willing to be taken by any man who passes by.

RUBBER RAVERS: An explicit daring special for those who like it packed from cover to cover with rubber action.

SHAVED: Lusty and Busty - big boobed beautiful bodies, his and her shavers. Creamed and brushed and thoroughly scrubbed.



PRIVATE LINES
627 Forest Rd, Walthamstow, London E17 4NE.

NERVOUS NYMPHO	0898 886 403
BLOWING THE HORN	0898 886 405
NAUGHTY VARIATIONS	0898 886 400
CAUGHT TALKING DIRTY	0898 886 401

(Calls charged 25p a minute off peak. 38p a minute peak)

HOW TO ORDER: 1. Complete and post coupon with correct monies.
2. Visit one of the retail outlets listed below.

CALLERS WELCOME: These and many other adult products are available amongst the retail outlets listed. Mon-Sat 9.30-6.30pm. (Fri 8pm).

SEX SHOPS – LONDON (Sth) *14 Bourne Rd, (Bexley Village) Bexley, *1539 London Rd, Norbury SW16, *19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18 **ALDERSHOT** 266b High St. **BARNSLEY** *3 Doncaster Rd. **BATH** 28 Victoria Bldgs, Lwr Bristol Rd. **BLACKBURN** *71 Darwen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRIGHTON** *11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** *76 West St., Old Market **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CARLISLE** 6 London Rd. **CHATHAM** *18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** *167 Moulsham St. **CHESTERFIELD** *528 Sheffield Rd. **COLCHESTER** *74 Butt Rd. **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. **CROYDON** *109a Church St. **DARLINGTON** *91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** *61 Osmaston Rd. **EXETER** Private shop *133 Fore St. **FOLKESTONE** 105 Dover Rd. **GLOUCESTER** *178a Barton St. **GRIMSBY** *189 Grimsby Rd. **GREAT YARMOUTH** 3 Howard St. North **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** *193 London Rd. **KETTERING** *25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** *41 Norfolk St. **KINGSTON** 203 Kingston Rd., New Malden **LEICESTER** *116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** *68 High St. **LIVERPOOL** 63 Moorfields **LUTON** *74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** *77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** *54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** *55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBROUGH** 14 Borough Rd. **NEWCASTLE** 56 Westmorland Rd. **NORWICH** 39 St Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** 18 Carrington St., 213 Mansfield Rd. **OLDHAM** *95 Huddersfield Rd. **OXFORD** 54 Cowley Rd. **READING** *108 Southampton St. **ROTHERHAM** *3/5 Rawmarsh, Parkgate **SHREWSBURY** *40 Wyle Cop **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd., Old Town **WEST BROMWICH** *19 Bull St., Ringway **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **YORK** *5 Scarcroft Rd. ●●● **WALES – WREXHAM** 6 Yorke St. ●●● **N. IRELAND – BELFAST** 31 Gresham St.

*Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.

STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who carry some adult products incidental to their main business, they may not carry the particular product advertised: ●●● **LONDON (East)** 34 627 Forest Rd, Walthamstow E17., Upton Lane, Forest Gate E7 **(North)** 682 Holloway Road N19 **(North West)** 659 Nth Circular Rd, Brent N.W.2 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd, Lewisham SE13. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) 43 The Bullring *(above Open Air Mkt)* **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **BURY** 94 Rochdale Rd. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **HARROGATE** 19 Westmorland St. **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **IPSWICH** 9 Manning Rd, Felixstowe **LEEDS** 209 North St. **MANSFIELD** 19 Ratcliffe Gate **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 31 Princess St., Derrys Cross. **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **SALISBURY** 125 South Western Rd. **SHEFFIELD** Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor ●●● **SCOTLAND – EDINBURGH** 60 Elm Rd, Leith Walk ●●● **WALES – CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **NEWPORT** 16 Cardiff Rd. **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St SP2

Please rush me the magazine titles listed below. I enclose Cash/Cheque/P.O. for £________ If paying by cheque add your name and address to reverse side.

☐ MS/11 x 6 TITLES £9.95
☐ MS/12 x 6 TITLES £9.95
☐ MS/13 x 6 TITLES £9.95

ANY TWO OF THESE (12 TITLES) £18.95
☐ ALL 18 TITLES £24.95

Name____________________

Address____________________

____

__________ Postcode__________

I am aware of the nature of these products and undertake not to show them to minors.

Signed________________ I am over 18

PRIVATE LINES DEPT. MF
627 Forest Rd, Walthamstow, London E17 4NE.

City Trading Ltd Reg No: 2174586

ALL ENQUIRIES PHONE MR PATRICK: 01-519 5736

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

QUEST

PERSONAL FILE
Name. . . . Withheld
Sex. . . . Female
Age. . . . 35 years
Town of Origin. . . .
Leeds
Other details. . . . This interviewee, an attractive redhead, works as an office manager. She married at 21 and was divorced 11 years later. She lives alone.

From the youth keen to shed his virginity to the divorcee anxious to make up for lost time, individuals in crisis can provide each other with unexpected and highly satisfactory solutions to their different problems. This month Quest talks to three such mutual beneficiaries

Quest: Were you surprised to find yourself having an affair with a man ten years your junior?
Manageress: Flabbergasted! I was convinced everyone would think I was some kind of dirty old woman. In fact, all my close friends told me to get stuck in while I had the chance!
Quest: Yet you must have had the confidence to get involved in the first place?
Manageress: I think Kevin and I were both going through crises. He obviously had problems with girls. I was trying to recover from my marriage. I'd never have been as reckless otherwise.
Quest: Why did your marriage fail?
Manageress: When I first got married I didn't really have any confidence in myself. Steve, my husband, was very strong, very sure of himself. I thought that was what I needed. I just changed. I started to do well at work. That just seemed to annoy Steve. He had to be on top all the time.
Quest: In bed, too?
Manageress: Oh yes! I wasn't very experienced. I was quite glad that Steve always used to take the lead. But when I began to realise that there were other ways of doing it than Steve climbing on top of me, fondling my boobs, then simply sticking his *thing* in me and pumping a few times until he came, he didn't want to know. If *I* ever started anything, he accused me of being tarty.
Quest: What sort of things did you miss?
Manageress: Almost everything! Part of it was finding myself in an office with young, single girls who were very frank about what they got up to with their boyfriends. But what impressed me

Full Length Adult Movies on Video

Unbelievable but true

Prices Slashed !

With vast stocks of these explicitly hard-core videos, we can afford to sell them to you at the lowest possible cost.

JUST **£6·66** EACH

New Titles

We can offer you 9 different video titles to clear all featuring explicit, hard-core and lots of close-up detail. In view of the high cost of packaging and delivery and the very low cost of each title we regret we are forced to set a minimum charge of just £19.98. For this you will recieve 3 full length features on video as shown.

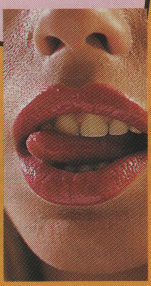
Explicit Close-ups

Best Money Saving Deal - Ever!

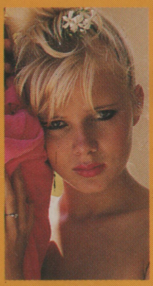
Private Lines, 627 Forest Road, Walthamstow, London E17 4NE.

Adult Collection A

3 films on video just **.£19.98**



Bon Appetit
The French Maid spills wine down the hostess and she's not wearing a bra or panties. The dress sticks to her body revealing her big breasts, so she takes it off there an then.



Suzie Superstar
Suzie is a big star now, with a sex life to match. She picks up young guys at each venue, two at a time and takes part in a sex show for an old flame.

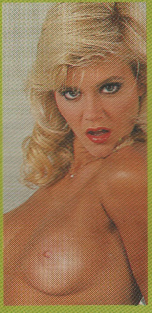
The Sex Box
She likes nothing better than providing sexual pleasure for both her male and female friends. Beautiful bodies pack this frantic, sexual extravagansa.

Adult Collection B

3 films on video only **.£19.98**

Desires Within Girls
A sensational explicit video that shows how these young lovelies satisfy their sexual needs. Portrayed with the frankness of the Color Climax reputation.

Confessions of A Naked Virgin
The full low-down on naked virgins. It's packed full of hot sex action and close-up shots that will drive you wild with desire.



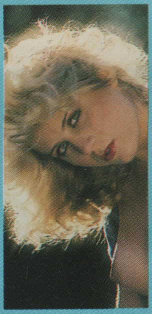
Fresh, young & Sexy
A group of young busty girl hikers meet a group of rampant male hikers on a lonely hillside and from then on it's outdoor action all the way.

Adult Collection C

3 films on video only **.£19.98**

Hot Cowgirls
keep riding, riding, riding - hot work - they need to strip off and get at it. No bucking broncos buck like these girls - constantly in the saddle, whooping and yelling with delight!

Silken Pussycat
Glorious, glamorous and very sexy. She's a pussycat, soft to touch, she purrs contently and responds with feeling. Yet, when roused, she's a tiger, hunting her pray to satisfy her hunger.



Take - Off
Featuring Hollywood's most voluptuous starlets. Huge, gravity defying knockers, dripping wet, steamy close-ups, live action. The girls are willing and ready for anything to achieve success.

CALLERS - VERY WELCOME Visit one of our Nationwide retail shops - these and many other adult videos are available amongst the outlets listed. Mon-Sat 9.30. - 6.p.m. (Fri.8.p.m.)

SEX SHOPS — LONDON (Sth) 14 Bourne Rd, (Bexley Village) Bexley, *1539 London Rd, Norbury SW16, *19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18 **ALDERSHOT** 266b High St. **BARNSLEY** *3 Doncaster Rd. **BATH** 28 Victoria Bldgs, Lwr Bristol Rd. **BLACKBURN** *71 Darwen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRIGHTON** *11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** *76 West St., Old Market **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CARLISLE** 6 London Rd. **CHATHAM** *18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** *167 Moulsham St. **CHESTERFIELD** *528 Sheffield Rd. **COLCHESTER** *74 Butt Rd. **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. **CROYDON** *109a Church St. **DARLINGTON** *91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** *61 Osmaston Rd. **EXETER** Private shop *133 Fore St. **FOLKESTONE** 105 Dover Rd. **GLOUCESTER** *17-24 Trade Offices, Cattle Market **GRIMSBY** *189 Grimsby Rd. **GREAT YARMOUTH** 3 Howard St. North **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** *193 London Rd. **KETTERING** *25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** *41 Norfolk St. **KINGSTON** 203 Kingston Rd., New Malden **LEICESTER** *116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** *68 High St. **LIVERPOOL** 63 Moorfields **LUTON** *74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** *77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** *54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** *55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBROUGH** 14 Borough Rd. **NEWCASTLE** 56 Westmorland Rd. **NORWICH** 39 St Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** 18 Carrington St., 213 Mansfield Rd. **OLDHAM** *95 Huddersfield Rd. **OXFORD** 54 Cowley Rd. **READING** *108 Southampton St. **ROTHERHAM** *3/5 Rawmarsh, Parkgate **SHREWSBURY** *40 Wyle Cop **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd., Old Town **WEST BROMWICH** *19 Bull St., Ringway **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **YORK** *5 Scarcroft Rd. ●●● **WALES — WREXHAM** 6 Yorke St. ●●● **N. IRELAND — BELFAST** 31 Gresham St. SP4 *Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.
STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who carry some adult products incidental to their main business, they may not carry the particular product advertised: ●●● **LONDON (East)** 627 Forest Rd, Walthamstow E17 **(North)** 682 Holloway Road N19 **(North West)** 659 Nth Circular Rd, Brent N.W.2 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd, Lewisham SE13. **BARROW-IN-FURNESS** 6 Dalkeith St. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) 43 The Bullring *(above Open Air Mkt)* **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **BURY** 94 Rochdale Rd. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **FELIXSTOWE** 9 Manning Lane **HARROGATE** 19 Westmorland St. **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **LEEDS** 209 North St. **MANSFIELD** 19 Ratcliffe Gate **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 31 Princess St., Derrys Cross. **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **SALISBURY** 125 South Western Rd. **SHEFFIELD** Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor ●●● **SCOTLAND — EDINBURGH** 60 Elm Row, Leith Walk **GLASGOW** 319 Gallowgate ●●● **WALES — CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **NEWPORT** 16 Cardiff Rd. **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St

PRIORITY MAILING COUPON

965

Please rush me, under plain cover, the video collections I have ticked below. I enclose Cheque/P.O. for £ ______ payable to M.O.Division. Please add your name and address to reverse side.

- ☐ COLLECTION A X 3 TITLES £19.98
- ☐ COLLECTION B X 3 TITLES £19.98
- ☐ COLLECTION C X 3 TITLES £19.98
- ☐ COLLECTION A + B + C X 9 TITLES £45.95

☐ VHS ☐ BETA

Name ______

Address ______

______ Postcode ______

I am aware of the nature of these videos and agree not to show them to minors. I am over 18 ______ signed

PRIVATE LINES
(Dept MF) 627 Forest Road, Walthamstow, London E17 4NE.

City Trading Ltd. Reg. No. 2174586

ALL ENQUIRIES PHONE MR PATRICK: **01-519 5736**

most was that they seemed to get their boyfriends to do what *they* wanted — or so they said. The thought of me saying to Steve, 'Can you go on a bit longer, I'm almost ready' was mind-boggling!
Quest: How did you meet Kevin?
Manageress: He joined the firm when I did. He was in his early twenties, fair, good-looking — not stunning, an averagely pleasant-looking bloke — a bit quiet and unassuming but quite funny when he tried. Naturally all the girls in the office got interested. There weren't that many eligible men around. He didn't seem to have a girlfriend, either. But I was surprised by the girl he finally chose to ask out.
Quest: Why?
Manageress: Patsy was blonde with a lovely figure, obviously the most attractive of the girls, but she always struck me as very experienced, even for 21, and quite hard. I'd have thought Kevin would have done better with someone nicer. Unfortunately, I was right.
Quest: How?
Manageress: According to Pat, they ended up at a her place, had a kiss and cuddle, then Kevin had come on all macho, and tried to have his wicked way — except when it came to the crunch he wasn't up to it. She'd been so disgusted she'd thrown him out. I felt so sorry for Kevin. Of course, he avoided our office like the plague after that. I found I quite missed seeing him. Then one lunchtime I ran into him in the street. We ended up having a heart-to-heart. He was obviously depressed, so I invited him out for a drink.
Quest: Very bold for a non-reckless wife.
Manageress: He told me what had really happened with Pat. Apparently he'd realised she was the sort of girl who went for the macho, confident type, so he'd really screwed himself up to be like that. But, when it came to performing, he realised he didn't actually want *her* at all. It was just the thought of screwing such a glamourpuss. I said that only showed he had the right sort of feelings. He laughed, and said the last time he'd behaved respectfully towards a girl he really liked she'd gone off with somebody else. He only seemed to have sex with girls who wanted him, and got so little out of it he was thinking of giving up sex, which made me laugh. I said what he needed was a sympathetic older woman he fancied who was also a good friend.
Quest: Meaning you?
Manageress: Not really — though, of course, we both thought it as I said it, and laughed. I never dreamed he'd find me attractive. But, as we said goodnight at the bus stop, he suddenly kissed my cheek. I obviously gave the right impression, because he kissed me very quickly on the lips, and rushed off. It bucked me up no end! The next day he rang up and wondered if I'd like another drink, and I invited him home for dinner.
Quest: Intending to seduce him?
Manageress: I saw it as open-ended. He was quite reluctant to come, because he thought my husband would be there. I didn't tell him otherwise, as a kind of test, I suppose. He was twitchy for the first half hour, until he realised we were alone. Then I told him the truth, and we got on like a house on fire.
Quest: Do you think he saw you as easy pickings?
Manageress: That's what most of the *office* would have thought, but not Kevin. There were several times when he could easily have kissed me and didn't. In fact, he was virtually at the door before he did. It was lovely, in a way. He made me feel like I was 19 again — everything sort of sweet and uncertain. He gave me what was supposed to be a goodnight kiss — he had to make the move himself. After that everything changed.
Quest: You took the lead?
Manageress: Not at once. The second kiss was much more passionate. I said we'd be more comfortable on the settee, so we sat down and started cuddling and fondling.

In five minutes he was ready again, so I plucked up courage and asked if he'd ever done it doggy fashion

Quest: That was all?
Manageress: I loved it! I hadn't done anything like that for years. He fondled my boobs through the front of my dress, then he started to unbutton the top. I could feel he was stiff in his trousers, but when he began to slide his fingers up under my dress and touch the front of my pants, I could see it all getting out of hand, so I deliberately sat up.
Quest: You didn't want to have sex with him?
Manageress: I've got fond enough of my comfort not to want to do any more fumbling about on a lumpy settee. I told Kevin to give me five minutes in the bedroom, then to come in after me. Then I went and undressed, washed, put on a few strategic dabs of cologne and got into bed. A few minutes later Kevin came in and undressed, obviously quite nervous, down to his underpants. I made him take them off straightaway — he couldn't shock me. So he did, and quickly slipped in next to me.
Quest: And made love?
Manageress: Quite quickly, yes. I wanted him to, partly because he was so stiff and I didn't want him to lose it or have an accident. And I was worried I might put him off. My body's fairly ordinary, and he'd obviously only been to bed with young women. I deliberately left only one tiny little light on in the corner. As soon as he started kissing and fondling me, I slid my legs open, and made it very easy for him to get on top of me. Not that he needed encouragement! Though I did have to reach down and take hold of his penis and help him find my passage. Then we did it.
Quest: Did you enjoy it?
Manageress: It was glorious! Feeling such a young, hard, powerful body against my bare skin, feeling it inside me — especially when I actually made him come. Then, just when I thought he was exhausted, he sat up, threw back the sheet and said I had one of the most beautiful bodies he'd ever seen, which he didn't have to say. Then, within five minutes, he was stiff again — which had never happened with Steve. So, as we started fondling again, I plucked up my courage and asked him if he'd ever done it doggy fashion.
Quest: Had he?
Manageress: If he had, he'd done it very well! He just grinned. I sat up, got down on all fours. He knelt beside me. I still needed to reach back through my legs and guide him into me, but after that he was on his own. It felt incredible. He seemed about twice the size he was before, touching me in all sorts of new places, and going on so much longer. Eventually he ran out of puff and popped out of me, but he still looked enormous. He said he wasn't ready to come again yet — he'd get closer and closer than lose it. I remember taking hold of his penis, thinking how incredibly hot and hard it was — Steve hadn't liked me touching him at all. I never wanted to let go of Kevin again. So I made him lie back, and I began to stroke him, gently pulling his foreskin up and down, squeezing his stiff, red, sticky shaft. He shut his eyes, and after a while began to gasp, then jerk his thighs up, then clutch at the sheet, and all of a sudden he came. I didn't want it to stop!
Quest: How long did the relationship last?
Manageress: Eighteen months.
Quest: Why did it end?
Manageress: He thought I bossed him about too much — though he didn't seem to mind in bed. Really, he just gained the confidence he'd never had before — and so did I. We both benefitted. I don't regret any of it, though I could do with someone older who could do it all as well!
Quest: Thank you. I'm sure you won't wait long.

PERSONAL FILE

Name. . . . Withheld
Sex. . . . Male
Age. . . . 40 years
Town of Origin. . . . Croydon
Other details. . . . This interviewee owns his own office equipment business and married at 24. He has two children.

Quest: How did your adultery solve a crisis in your marriage?
Businessman: By letting me know there *was* a

ANY 4 TITLES £11.95
ALL 12 TITLES
ONLY £20

12 SEX VIDEO TITLES AT WELL UNDER £2 EACH

EXPLICIT IMPORTED SCAN TITLES

"You don't need to understand what they are saying because you can sure see what they are doing."

Not only can you buy these sex videos at rock bottom prices but you also get genuine explicit hard-core. The reason is simple, when we decide the videos are good enough, and strong enough, we buy by the thousands - and that's why we can offer you explicit sex videos titles at rock bottom prices which means you can order without worrying about supply.

Our latest purchase prompted one of our Managers to say "You don't need to understand what they are saying because you can sure see what they are doing."

LOW PRICES

Because of the low prices and the high cost of packaging and despatch, we ask only that you buy a minimum of 4 titles as the groups listed.

FV/21 — ALL 4 VIDEO TITLES REDUCED TO JUST £11.95

SEX IN THE HEAD. Diana is a prostitute. She encounters full sex, all-girl action, hard lust, and brothel sex, where the Madame spies on the girls.

ONE WOMAN'S LOVER. George visits his uncle's villa and meets his cousin Betty and the uncle's au pair. George is soon inside the au pair, when Betty walks in and climbs on the bed with them. He takes them both together.

EMMANUELLE'S SILVER TONGUE. Emmanuelle uses her charms on Andrea, Billy and Bobby. They indulge in an orgy, then Andrea and Emmanuelle explore each other, leading to a raging climax.

HOT, FAST AND LOOSE. Wild beautiful girls into every type of sexual action. They are all loose, fast and very, very hot.

FV/22 — ALL 4 VIDEO TITLES PRICES SLASHED TO £11.95

SWEET SEXUAL AWAKENING. Maria hires the local fishing boat to take her sight seeing around the Islands. Soon she notices the bulges in the fisherman's jeans and strips off and is taken time and time again.

GIRL OF PASSION. The prim and proper sisters appear to have no sex life, but while one is touring the seedy areas of town, being taken by anyone she can pick up, her sister is with her female lover.

SHE KNEW NO OTHER WAY. Desperate to 'make it' in films, the beautiful Maya agrees to take part in a blue movie. She has never been with another woman or another man. Soon there are six naked bodies around.

SEXORCIST. An ordeal of passion and possession of ritual sex, black magic and devilish lust. The beautiful and sexy Demella succumbs to the influence and lends her body to the cause.

FV/23 — ALL 4 VIDEO TITLES DOWN IN PRICE TO £11.95

VICES IN THE FAMILY. Giacoma is having his uncle's wife and the upstairs maid. Marisa his girlfriend is being taken by the butler and Giacoma's uncle while having all girl sex with both the upstairs maid and the uncle's wife.

RANCH OF NYMPHO GIRLS. The cyclist is told by the farmer he can sleep in the barn for the night. Suddenly one of the daughters is climbing under the blanket with him. No sooner is he inside her, when another daughter arrives. Then the other.

CONFESSIONS OF A RIDING MISTRESS. The riding mistress is certainly teaching Larry how to ride, but Larry would rather ride her. Eventually Larry has her standing up behind the stable. Then it is sex lessons every odd half hour.

WAVES OF LUST. 2 couples spend a weekend on a luxury yacht. The next morning they see the wife of the other couple giving her husband oral while one of the crew takes her.

VIDEO OFFERS, 34 UPTON LANE, FOREST GATE, LONDON E7 9LN

NO ONE TO PLAY WITH	**0898 886 412**
HER PANTIES SUIT HIM	**0898 886 426**
GROANS AFTER LIGHTS OUT	**0898 886 419**

(Calls charged 25p a minute off peak. 38p a minute peak)

CALLERS WELCOME. These videos and many other adult products are available amongst the outlets listed. Mon-Sat 9.30-6pm (Fri 8pm).

SEX SHOPS — LONDON (Sth) *14 Bourne Rd, (Bexley Village) Bexley, *1539 London Rd, Norbury SW16, *19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18 **ALDERSHOT** 266b High St. **BARNSLEY** *3 Doncaster Rd. **BATH** 28 Victoria Bldgs, Lwr Bristol Rd. **BLACKBURN** *71 Darwen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRIGHTON** *11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** *76 West St. **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CARLISLE** 6 London Rd. **CHATHAM** *18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** *167 Moulsham St. **CHESTERFIELD** *528 Sheffield Rd. **COLCHESTER** *74 Butt Rd. **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. **CROYDON** *109a Church St. **DARLINGTON** *91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** *61 Osmaston Rd. **EXETER** Private shop *133 Fore St. **FOLKESTONE** 105 Dover Rd. **GLOUCESTER** *178a Barton St. **GRIMSBY** *189 Grimsby Rd. **GREAT YARMOUTH** 3 Howard St. North **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** *193 London Rd. **KETTERING** *25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** *41 Norfolk St. **KINGSTON** 203 Kingston Rd., New Malden **LEICESTER** *116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** *68 High St. **LIVERPOOL** 63 Moorfields **LUTON** *74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** *77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** *54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** *55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBROUGH** *14 Borough Rd. **NEWCASTLE** *56 Westmorland Rd. **NORWICH** 39 St Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** 18 Carrington St., 213 Mansfield Rd. **OLDHAM** *95 Huddersfield Rd. **OXFORD** 54 Cowley Rd. **READING** *108 Southampton St. **ROTHERHAM** *3/5 Rawmarsh, Parkgate **SHREWSBURY** *40 Wyle Cop **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd., Old Town **WEST BROMWICH** *19 Bull St., Ringway **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **YORK** *5 Scarcroft Rd. ●●● **WALES — WREXHAM** 6 Yorke St. ●●● **N. IRELAND — BELFAST** 31 Gresham St.

*Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.

STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who stock a range of adult products incidental to their main business: ●●● **LONDON (East)** 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate E7., 627 Forest Rd, Walthamstow E17 **(North)** 682 Holloway Road N19 **(North West)** 659 Nth Circular Rd, Brent N.W.2 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd, Lewisham SE13. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) 43 The Bullring *(above Open Air Mkt)* **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **BURY** 94 Rochdale Rd. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **HARROGATE** 19 Westmorland St. **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **IPSWICH** 9 Manning Rd, Felixstowe **LEEDS** 209 North St. **MANSFIELD** 19 Ratcliffe Gate **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 31 Princess St., Derrys Cross. **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **SALISBURY** 125 South Western Rd. **SHEFFIELD** Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor ●●● **SCOTLAND — EDINBURGH** 60 Elm Rd, Leith Walk ●●● **WALES — CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **NEWPORT** 16 Cardiff Rd. **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St

***

945

Please rush me, under plain cover, the video titles and system I have indicated below.
I enclose cash/cheque/P.O. for £ ________ made payable to Video Offers. If paying by cheque add your name and address to reverse side.

☐ All 12 titles £20 ☐ FV/21 x 4 £11.95 ☐ FV/22 x 4 titles £11.95
☐ FV/23 x 4 titles £11.95 ☐ VHS ☐ BETA

Name ________
Address ________
________ Postcode ________

I am aware of the nature of these products and agree not to show them to minors

Signed ________ I am over 18

VIDEO OFFERS (Dept. MF) 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate, London E7 9LN

Tobyward Ltd Reg No. 1634311

ALL ENQUIRIES PHONE MR PATRICK: 01-519 5736

QUEST

crisis. It showed me how stale Ann and I had got. You can't help it after bonking the same person for 14 years. But if you accept it as the way things *have* to be, you might as well give up. That's what I'd done — and Ann had had to accept it. My affair with Helen woke me up. But I didn't set out to have an affair. To be honest, I had to have it handed to me on a plate.

Quest: How?

Businessman: Normally I only supply equipment to offices, but I sold a fax and a photocopier to a woman who came into the office. She was a journalist working from home, about 28, slim, dark, quite well spoken, and very sexy indeed. She didn't flirt, or joke — all very business-like — but, my God, the way she looked at you. Talk about being gobbled up for dinner! Sue, the girl who helps out in the shop, said to me afterwards: 'I wonder they let her walk around without a muzzle!' I laughed, and told her not to be silly, but when the equipment came in, and the woman — I'll call her Helen here — wanted me to install it, my heart definitely had a flutter.

Quest: Did you expect to have sex with her?

Businessman: No. I didn't dream for a minute she'd look twice at a guy like me.

Quest: But she did?

Businessman: She was quite abrupt when I first got to her flat. She seemed to be rushing about, making phonecalls, while I was fitting up the stuff in the little room she used as an office. I got the feeling she could have done without me there — especially when I heard her taking a shower. Next thing I knew she was standing over me, all damp and pink and naked, with just a towel wrapped round her boobs — nice-sized boobs, they were, too — and barely covering her knees. Still very businesslike, though — asking me how I was getting on, because she had to rush out. It's quite a while since a woman's made me go scarlet, but she did. She looked fabulous. But when I started to explain the fax, she said, 'Oh God, I've only got two minutes. You'll have to come back.' So we fixed a time a couple of days later.

Quest: What happened?

Businessman: This time she was a lot friendlier and more relaxed. She was in jeans and tee-shirt, which was easier on my blood pressure, until I realised she hadn't bothered with a bra. I did my spiel, but she always seemed to be leaning closer than was necessary, brushing my shoulder or my arm with her body, once even with the side of her boob, which definitely confirmed there was no bra. At the time I remember thinking. 'No, it's just accidental.' A lot of women are naturally touchy — it's just a habit. There was one remark, too. 'I suppose you're like the milkman, aren't you? Seeing lots of women on their own at home. Are you ever tempted to stray?' I was so busy laughing, saying chance would be a fine thing, it never occurred to me it could be a come-on. Afterwards, I still didn't know whether to kick myself or not. Then, a week later, she rang and said her fax wasn't working, she needed it desperately, could I go?

Quest: And?

Businessman: It was like a re-run of the first visit. I couldn't believe it. She was in a dressing gown when I arrived, about to take a shower — she had a hot date, she said, expecting an important fax when she was out. While she showered, I looked at the machine, only found a paper jam but did a thorough check anyway. Meanwhile the shower had stopped, and Helen appeared behind me. All she had on was a tiny pair of white, frilly edged knickers, virtually see-through — I could clearly see the outline of her pubic hair through them — and a skimpy little bra she was holding over her tits. I nearly shot my load on the spot. I hadn't seen a body like that outside your magazine for longer than I cared to remember! Then she gave me this feeble grin, and said, 'I'm really sorry. There's a ridiculous catch on this bra. Can you help?' She turned her back as I got up — just as well, since my cock wasn't exactly slumbering in my pants. My hands were definitely shaking as I took the bra straps out of her hands. I was thinking. 'Well some birds do act like this, especially middle class ones who probably think I'm only a tradesman or something.' Then, as I was fumbling, she said, 'For some reason I've been virtually in the altogether each time you've called. I seem to have got used to having no clothes on when you're around. I hope you don't mind.'

Quest: Didn't you regard that as a come-on?

> **She stood there in tiny knickers, gave a feeble grin and said, "Can you help with my bra catch"**

Businessman: Even I managed to pick that one up! I stopped trying to avoid touching her skin, and thinking away my erection, and said, 'Well, with boobs like yours, you don't need to bother wiht this bra.' She said, 'What a lovely compliment! Do you really think so?' And she turned to face me, pulling her bra straps out of my hands. Of course, the bra just fell away, and there she was with these incredible tits more or less butting me in the chest — not huge, but beautifully firm and rounded with lovely thick, pink nipples. She looked down at them, and looked at me. I thought I'd been swallowed whole, and didn't give a damn!

Quest: Did you?

Businessman: I just started fondling her, kissing her face and neck and breasts. Then our hands were all over each other, and we were sinking down onto the carpet.

Quest: Was she an active participant?

Businessman: She certainly knew what she wanted. As we knelt on the floor, facing each other, I began to rub the crotch of her knickers. But when I went to push my fingers down the front, she said, 'No, get your things off first,' and started tugging at my shirt buttons. So I had to undress, at least down to my Y-fronts. Then I couldn't wait any longer — my cock was sticking out the fly anyway. So I yanked down her knickers, she leaned back and I stuck my face straight into her muff, and began tounging her like there was no tomorrow.

Quest: Was she damp?

Businessman: She was very wet, and very hot. By the way she was grunting and moaning, reaching down and pushing at my head to make me go deeper, I seemed to be doing the right things. Then — just as my tongue was starting to ache — she began to jerk and gasp and thrash about, which spurred me on. But when she seemed about to come off, she suddenly sat up, panting and pushing me back. 'No!' she snapped. 'Put it in me! Put it in! Come in me!' And started clawing at my underpants. I jerked them down — she clutched my cock, pulled me straight into her pussy, and I went up her like a rat up a drainpipe. I don't think we actually humped that long. I couldn't have lasted long with her, anyway. Then she wailed and started having spasms, and it felt like my cock was being milked. I went off like a fire cracker. That just seemed to set her off even more. It was bloody marvellous.

Quest: But you'd wanted her to climax first?

Businessman: I wanted her to feel she'd had her due. At 38, you don't expect to be like you are at 18, stiff again in ten minutes. Or I didn't. Not that I needed to worry with a woman like her!

Quest: Why?

Businessman: After we'd both got our breath back, which was a while, I was still inside her, still lying on top. I went to pull out, and she held my bottom, and said, 'No, I want you to get big again where you are. I love it when a man does that.' I laughed and said she'd have a wait. She said, 'Don't talk nonsense.' And she started.

Quest: What?

Businessman: Rubbing her boobs against my chest, then playing with my bottom, basically. But, by Christ, she knew what she was doing! She finished by virtually sticking a finger up me, which hasn't happened to me very often, I can tell you. But it worked. In about five minutes I had a bloody good size on me — not enough to shoot off straightaway — but enough to keep Helen going through a couple of interesting variations.

Quest: Like what?

Businessman: I pulled out, she turned over, and I fucked her from behind until she came off again. Then I turned over, she got on top and more or less brought herself off on my stalk — I didn't have the energy to do more than fondle her boobs! But when I felt the old magic starting to work again, she insisted on sliding off me at the last moment and holding my cock against her pubic hair as I let fly — 'just to see how you do it.' It was quite a marathon — for me, at any rate!

Quest: And repeated?

Businessman: Funnily enough, every time I left, I thought, 'That's it. She's had her bit of rough. A woman like this is going to forget all about it tomorrow.' Then she'd ring up with another problem, I'd go round and we'd bonk ourselves silly. It must have been once a week for a couple of months. I felt great. It really bucked up my sex life with Ann, too — several times she said. 'What's made you so randy? You're not taking lessons, are you?' Then one day I turned up at Helen's and this very good-looking guy of about

STARLIGHT

QUALITY GUARANTEED AT PRICES YOU CAN AFFORD

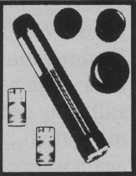
STARLIGHT PRODUCTS, 14 Bourne Rd, Bexley, Kent, DA5 1PA

ACTION PACKED VIBROS

MULTI-HEADER Multi-speed control and five very different pleasure heads for greater enjoyment **£11.95**
GIANT THRILLER A hand held giant, studded for extra thrills — plus variable control **£18.95**
8" *BENDER* Sheer ecstasy from this flexible latex vibrator with variable speed control **£8.50**
UP 'N' DOWNER The head moves backwards and forwards, twists & turns all on its own, with variable speed control. It's the real thing **£11.50**
FINGER & THUMB A squirming finger & thumb, add another two dimensions to your foreplay **£12.99**
VIBRO SLEEVE Soft pliable vibro cover. Fleshlike and realistic in every detail. Available 'flesh' or 'black' **£3.25**
CACTUS VIBRO 8 throbbing inches of exciting, caressing spikey satisfaction **£10.99**

BEAT THIS!

A very superior quality Non-Doctor set, with 3 different heads for all the excitement zones and a multiplicity of speed control for all your moods, is available at the
SILLY PRICE OF £9.95.



7½" MULTI-SPEED VIBRATOR The high quality, reliable version that goes on and on. **£4.50**
MINI VIBRO A rampant 4½" stimulator. its tip will drive her wild **£3.75**

CREAMS, TABLETS AND CAPSULES

APHRODITES TABLETS Just ½ a tablet and she'll be hungry for sex **£6.50**
GINSENG TABLETS Potent enough to put the zest back in your love-life 50 tablets **£5.00** 100 tablets **£8.00**
SEXUAL LUBRICANT This super sex lubricant should be rubbed into the more sensitive parts of the body. It reduces friction and greatly increases the excitement. One Jar **£4.99** Two Jars **7.99**
FEMALE BLISS CREAM Hightens the sensations of the more sensual parts. One Jar **£4.50** Two Jars **£7.50**
SEX SUGAR It will dramatically increase your sexual urge. One Box **£2.99** Two Boxes **£4.99**
MOTION LOTION Hot and tasty lotion for all parts of the body. Lubricates, invigorates and stimulates **£5.95**
STUD DELAY CREAM Apply to the penis before intercourse to keep him going longer & longer **£5.25**
STUD ACTION CREAM Rub into the penis to help assist and sustain a good strong erection **£5.25**
ORGASM CREAM Raises the temperature, increases sensitivity to help you climax more easily **£4.25**

NEW! POWERFUL! MUIRA PUAMA

NEW! POWERFUL! MUIRA PUAMA Just two or three drops, Get and give the pleasure a full, firm, thrusting penis can deliver **£6.50.**

ADULT MAG PACK Swedish Erotica Collection — Probably the best in adult sex mags. Big girls and even bigger fellas performing in front of the camera. All colour. 4 different just **£15.**

EXERCISERS & DEVELOPERS

FOR HIM

THE WORLD FAMOUS CHARTHAM METHOD
Proved by doctors time after time to be effective and safe for penis enlargement. Complete with full detailed instructions **£19.50**
ACTION MAN The better developer with built in vibrator to make penis development a pleasure **£21.99**
POWER DEVELOPER Designed to enlarge your penis. Produced in soft latex for extra comfort **£17.99**
EXTENSION SHEATH Adds 1½" to the length of your penis — black or flesh **£4.00.** One of each **£7.00**
STALLION DELAY SPRAY Fully tested — its the best there is for controlling premature ejaculation **£5.00.** 2 sprays **£8.00**
MALE DEVELOPMENT SPRAY Just two or three sprays provides maximum staying power anytime, anywhere **£5.00.** 2 sprays **£8.00**

FOR HER

COVER GIRL A revealing sexy peephole bra and matching crutchless briefs. Black, white, red, blue. One size **£7.25**
HAREM GIRL A titilating tiny tassel set that just covers the nipples. For all swingers! One size **£5.99**
RHAPSODY BASQUE Daring satin cupless basque — black with red trimming. State size **£18.50**
BABY DOLL A daring see-through top and pantie set. Black, white, or red — one size **£10.75**
SILKY SATIN LINGERIE SET A slinky, sexy fun set to turn him on at anytime. **£13.99**
ELECTRIC LOVE EGG The most advanced feminine stimulant **£5.50**
ORIENTAL DUO BALLS A devilishly simple oriental sex aid that never stops working **£4.50**

SEX EDUCATION BOOKS

SENSUAL SECRETS Sex charged action. Marilyn Chambers, America's first lady of sex, shows how she likes it. She's featured in action throughout. 300+ sex charged colour pics **£7.50.**

INTERCOURSE ILLUSTRATED All positions shown. Learn how to make the most of your favourite positions, guided by precise descriptions. Over 200 detailed pics including pulsating close-up shots **£4.95.**

FREE — SEDUCTION KIT

Spend £3 or more at any outlet listed below and collect free **"SEDUCTION KIT"** gift of £6.95.

SPRAY ON SEX APPEAL

ATTRACTANT 10 The strong male pheremone — a short spray is all you need to attract women, the key to unlock a woman's sensuality and arouse her innermost desires without her being aware of it.
Spray on sex appeal — Heaven scent **£9.95.**

CONTRACEPTIVES

All types are available in packs of 24 & 144. Whichever type you order, you will only receive the best quality branded versions, which have been scientifically tested to the highest standards. However, due to the great demand and our wish to maintain our rapid "by return" service, the brand name and make of condom may vary.

	24 Price £	144 Price £
(CV/A) Dotted - for female arousal	2.99	14.99
(CV/B) Ribbed - extra excitement	3.99	19.99
(CV/C) Dotted & Ribbed - a real turn on	5.99	29.99
(CV/D) Thin - ultra thin, ultra strong	3.95	19.99
(CV/E) Contoured - a realistic shape	3.99	19.95
(CV/F) Spermicide - added protection	5.95	29.45
(CV/G) Small - snug fit for pleasure	5.99	29.99
(CV/H) Black - very wicked	4.49	22.99
(CV/J) Standard - suits everyone	3.50	17.69
(CV/K) Delay - helps you keep it up	5.40	26.99
(CV/L) Stimulant - extra pleasure	5.50	27.99
(CV/M) Coloured - a riot of fun	3.99	19.95
(CV/N) Durex - non lubricated	3.00	14.99
(CV/P) Assortment - includes all the	4.50	19.95

FRENCH TICKLERS RE-USABLE
Worn as a contraceptive, the devilish protruding arms will tickle her fancy like never before.
(FT/A) Flesh - pack of 8 **£10.00**
(FT/B) Black - pack of 8 **£10.00**

ADULT VIDEOS

State system when ordering: VHS, BETA
EMMANUELLES SILVER TONGUE
Emmanuelle uses here quick silver tongue on Billy and Andrea to great effect. It speaks the language of sex.
ONLY £23.95
UNDERGRADUATE GIRLS
You will not need your imagination with this one. The close-ups are shocking, the action continuous. Oh to be an undergraduate boy! **£23.95**
BOTH VIDEOS £45.00

* **NYMPHO GIRLS** A girlie video with an exciting and explicit difference — including blonde on blonde. **£19.95**
* **HOMETOWN GIRLS** A genuine, housewives, girlfriends, and the girl next door, stripping for fun and pleasure. **£19.95**
* **BOTH VIDEOS FOR £35.00**
ALL 4 VIDEOS FOR ONLY £59.95

I have listed below the items I require and enclose cash/cheque/PO for £ . If paying by cheque, add name and address to reverse side. All goods sent under plain cover.

Tobyward Ltd. Reg No. 16343

Name
Address
Postcode

I am over 18 and aware that these products are for my personal use only and must not be shown to minors.

Signed

STARLIGHT PRODUCTS, (MF)
14 Bourne Rd, Bexley, Kent DA5 1PA

940

ALL ENQUIRIES PHONE MR PATRICK: 01-519 5736

COLOUR CATALOGUES £2.00

FILMS, VIDEOS, AIDS, BOOKS & MAGAZINES, LINGERIE

Just £2 brings you our bumper bundle pack of 3, yes 3 Catalogues! Your £2 is refunded with first Order.

ORDER BY POST OR CALL IN PERSON

The products in this advertisement are available amongst the adult shops listed.

MON-SAT 9.30-6pm (FRI 8pm).

SEX SHOPS — LONDON (Sth) *14 Bourne Rd., (Bexley Village) Bexley, *1539 London Rd., Norbury SW16, *19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18 **ALDERSHOT** 266b High St. **BARNSLEY** *3 Doncaster Rd. **BATH** 28 Victoria Bldgs, Lwr Bristol Rd. **BLACKBURN** *71 Darwen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRIGHTON** *11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** *76 West St. **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CARLISLE** 6 London Rd. **CHATHAM** *18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** *167 Moulsham St. **CHESTERFIELD** *528 Sheffield Rd. **COLCHESTER** *74 Butt Rd. **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. **CROYDON** *109a Church St. **DARLINGTON** *91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** *61 Osmaston Rd. **EXETER** Private shop *133 Fore St. **FOLKESTONE** 105 Dover Rd. **GLOUCESTER** *178a Barton St. **GRIMSBY** *189 Grimsby Rd. **GREAT YARMOUTH** 3 Howard St. North **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** *193 London Rd. **KETTERING** *25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** *41 Norfolk St. **KINGSTON** 203 Kingston Rd., New Malden **LEICESTER** *116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** *68 High St. **LIVERPOOL** 63 Moorfields **LUTON** *74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** *77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** *54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** *55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBROUGH** *14 Borough Rd. **NEWCASTLE** *56 Westmorland Rd. **NORWICH** 39 St Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** 18 Carrington St., 213 Mansfield Rd. **OLDHAM** *95 Huddersfield Rd. **OXFORD** 54 Cowley Rd. **READING** *108 Southampton St. **ROTHERHAM** *3/5 Rawmarsh, Parkgate **SHREWSBURY** *40 Wyle Cop **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd., Old Town **WEST BROMWICH** *19 Bull St., Ringway **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **YORK** *5 Scarcroft Rd. ●●● **WALES — WREXHAM** 6 Yorke St. ●●● **N. IRELAND — BELFAST** 31 Gresham St.

*Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.

STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who stock a range of adult products incidental to their main business: ●●● **LONDON (East)** 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate E7., 627 Forest Rd, Walthamstow E17 **(North)** 682 Holloway Road N19 **(North West)** 659 Nth Circular Rd, Brent N.W.2 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd, Lewisham SE13. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) 43 The Bullring *(above Open Air Mkt)* **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **BURY** 94 Rochdale Rd. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **HARROGATE** 19 Westmorland St. **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **IPSWICH** 9 Manning Rd, Felixstowe **LEEDS** 209 North St. **MANSFIELD** 19 Ratcliffe Gate **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 31 Princess St., Derrys Cross. **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **SALISBURY** 125 South Western Rd. **SHEFFIELD** Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor ●●● **SCOTLAND — EDINBURGH** 60 Elm Rd, Leith Walk ●●● **WALES — CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **NEWPORT** 16 Cardiff Rd. **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St

DIRTY DEEDS FOR FAVOURS **0898 886 411**
RAUNCHY RICH AND READY **0898 886 408**
(Calls charged 25p a minute off peak. 38p a minute peak)

QUEST

30 was there, having a blazing row. It turned out to be her husband. I knew almost nothing about her. She was just this incredible, fantasy sex figure to me. Suddenly she was separated, arguing about shared money and a kid the guy's mother was looking after. She'd obviously been using me to forget that whole side of her life. The randy image just collapsed. I fiddled about with the photocopier and left. She didn't ring again.
Quest: And your marriage improved?
Businessman: I realised what I had, and what I'd let go. We ended up going on a second honeymoon. Last anniversary Ann said, 'You were having someone else just before we went away, weren't you?' I said I'd tell her when we were OAPs. Perhaps she'll read this and let me off the hook.
Quest: Thank you.

PERSONAL FILE
Name. . . . Withheld
Sex. . . . . Female
Age. . . . 26 years
Town of Origin. . . .
York
Other details. . . . This interviewee, a lively and striking blonde, works for a PR consultancy. She shares a house with her boyfriend.

Quest: Why did your relationship with your boyfriend reach a crisis point?
Consultant: He seemed to be working all the time. He was setting up a new company — he makes electronic components. But he'd had big projects before, and found time for us. Now he didn't seem to any more.
Quest: Even in bed?
Consultant: Especially! I actually fondled him one night — we don't wear anything in bed — then ducked under the duvet and put his thing in my mouth. While I was licking him, he fell asleep!
Quest: Surely no one is immune to exhaustion?
Consultant: But John always was! At 35 he was much more energetic as a lover than boyfriends I've had who were 23, 24. I never really got much out of sex before him. I didn't have much experience at all. Some of John's previous girlfriends have been gorgeous-looking women, really sophisticated. When things seemed to cool off between us I thought he was hankering after someone like that. He'd got tired of me.
Quest: What did you do?
Consultant: I *should* have had the confidence to make him sit down and talk about it. But I was working hard too. There never seemed time.
Quest: But there *was* time for Larry?
Consultant: Not time that *I* made — it just happened. Larry was an interior decorator John hired to re-do part of the house. He'd just set up a business literally two doors away from us. I think John only chose him because he was convenient. But he was very good. He was about 30, good-looking, very good company. He really bucked me up when John wasn't around.
Quest: Did you fancy Larry?
Consultant: I thought he was very attractive. He had plenty of girlfriends. That's what we spent most of our time talking about. The one he preferred was always blowing hot and cold. Apparently she gone off to Australia for three months. I really looked forward to seeing Larry. He worked till six, but then he'd have a coffee and chat, sometimes for hours — especially if John was late. Often, if I got home late and I wasn't expecting John, I'd see Larry's light on in his office and go up for a coffee and a laugh. He reminded me a younger, more frivolous John.
Quest: When did your affair with him start?
Consultant: He used to say, 'I don't know why I'm bothering with all these other women. You're the only one I can talk to. Can't you give your tycoon the boot?' He was joking, but I did wonder what it might be like. Then one night I was in his office very late. He'd seemed a bit down. Finally he told me the girl in Australia had given *him* the boot — she was getting married — he showed me her letter. He was such a lively personality I'd never thought of him being really unhappy. But when I realised how really upset he was, I just wanted to hug him. So I did. He held me. And it just turned into a kiss. It felt gorgeous — my head was spinning, I didn't want it to stop. Then I realised what I was doing, and made him stop. Larry said he was sorry, but I wasn't married to John, and, if he really cared, he'd be home with me. I said I had to go, and rang the house. But there was only a message on the answerphone. John had gone to Glasgow for a meeting that day. Now he said it had to go on a second day, so he'd stay over at Yvonne's. Yvonne was his ex-wife. She lived just outside Glasgow.
Quest: What effect did that have on you?
Consultant: I went cold. Yvonne was 35, very attractive. She'd never re-married. A couple of years after the divorce, John had actually lived with her for a year. They were still good friends. I was convinced he'd decided to go back to her again. When I said John wouldn't be back, Larry said, 'Great! There's plenty of room on my office couch.' I told him not to be stupid, but he just took me in his arms again and started kissing me, first on my cheeks and neck, and then on my lips. Finally I responded.
Quest: You had sex?
Consultant: I didn't give him very good value. He turned out the light, led me to the couch and undressed me. Then he undressed, drew me down next to him, and started fondling and kissing me. All I did was open my legs for him, until he was moving up and down inside me. Then he whispered, 'You're so beautiful, Lucy (name changed), I can't hold back any longer!' and groaned and came. I promptly burst out crying! Larry was the only man other than John who'd been inside me for the past five years.
Quest: How did the affair progress?
Consultant: Guiltily! Whenever I saw Larry I'd *say* we couldn't go on, then make love again.
Quest: Enjoyably?
Consultant: When I let myself. He had a nice body, but he wasn't as imaginative as John. I

EN AVANT CITOYENS!

Messieurs les francais, voici la bonne affaire à ne pas manquer cette année!
En France, un exemplaire de *Mayfair* vous revient à 42^F, et notre numéro spécial de Noël vous coûte plus de 50^F.
En tout, plus de 500^F pour une année.
Pour remédier à cela, nous proposons une offre exceptionnelle à tous nos amis francais :
Un abonnement d'l an à *Mayfair*, avec en supplément un exemplaire de *Best of Mayfair*, au prix incroyable de 300^F.
N'attendez pas!
Renvoyez-nous dès aujourd'hui le coupon ci-dessous, accompagné de votre règlement, en francs francais, à :

Mayfair Magazine,
6 Great James Street, London
WC1N 3DA, ANGLETERRE
S'il vous plait, abonnez-moi pour 1 an (12 nos) à *Mayfair*

Nom: . . . .
Adresse: . . . .
. . . .
. . . .
Date: . . . .
Je joins la somme de 300 francs:
☐ par Eurocheque
☐ par espèces
☐ par American Express/ Eurocard No. . . . .

BINDERS, KEEPERS

Are your favourite copies of *Mayfair* becoming dog-eared with re-reading? Do you have trouble finding that special feature, fiction, funny or female? Give your collection the permanence and appeal of a select gentleman's library with a *Mayfair* binder. Manufactured in stiff, hardback card in stylish dark green, each binder can hold 12 issues, including the bumper Christmas edition, and is marked with the distinctive *Mayfair* logo in gold lettering. For just £7 (including postage and packaging) you can compile a private library of Britain's best-selling men's magazine.

To: Pat Asquith,
Mayfair Magazine,
6 Great James Street,
London WC1N 3DA.
Please send me ..... binder(s) at £7 each.
I enclose cheque or postal order for £.....
made payable to Fisk Publishing Co Ltd or debit my Access/American Express account:

Card No. ....

Name ....

....

Address ....

....

....

Signature ....

Date M24/6

All orders sent in plain wrapper.
Available UK only. Reg. 875169

If you don't wish to cut your magazine, photocopy this coupon, or send details on plain paper.

QUEST

think the naughtiest we got was one night when he insisted on having me on the edge of his desk. I was sitting facing him; he was standing between my legs, moving in and out. We were on the second floor, away from the window — which had no blinds — but I was only wearing a slip. Larry was stark naked. I was terrified someone would see us. Normally we turned the lights off, or scuttled about naked on the carpet.

Quest: How did it end?

Consultant: Very suddenly. Larry went bust and did a moonlight flit. Then one day John arrived early unexpectedly, told me to put on my glad rags and took me out to a swish restaurant. I was sure this was all to soften the final blow. Then he produced a ring, said he'd sorted out his new company and announced we were going on a pre-honeymoon trip to the Canaries for a week to make up for lost time! I felt so wretched I nearly confessed everything on the spot.

Quest: But you didn't?

Consultant: Not until we were away. In fact, it nearly ruined the holiday. I wanted John so much, but after what I'd done I just didn't think I deserved him. The first two nights were a disaster. I couldn't even get moist. Then the third night we both got really drunk — which we hardly ever do — and somehow were able to talk. John said *he* always been afraid I'd get tired of him and run off with a younger man — he'd neglected me so much over the past months he was surprised I hadn't had an affair — I'd seemed close to that interior designer we'd used. I went scarlet — a dead giveaway! Then I told him my worries. He laughed about Yvonne. He said she *had* tried to lure him into bed, along with her latest boyfriend who was half John's age. But John had decided his ex-wife was getting too kinky for him. I said that if he'd really wanted to sleep with her, just for one night, I wouldn't have minded, as long as he came back to me. Then he said he felt exactly the same. So I took a deep breath and told him about Larry.

Quest: Everything?

Consultant: I said we'd got very close, but only because things were going wrong for us. Then he asked if I'd slept with Larry.

Quest: What did you say?

Consultant: First I said it wasn't important. John laughed and told me not to be mealy-mouthed. So I said it had happened once without either of us meaning it to. John said, 'I can't believe that pushy sod would only try it on once with a gorgeous girl like you!' So I said it had been more than once. And he got it all out of me.

Quest: Did you mind?

Consultant: At first I felt as if I was betraying him all over again. Then, when he didn't seem to mind, I felt almost resentful. But then I began to realise we were both enjoying it. It still feels awful to say that, but we were.

Quest: It turned you on?

Consultant: In a funny way it did. I'd had to keep it secret so long, that it had come between us even in our most intimate moments. After the first time with Larry, I felt that the two of us could never be completely open with each other ever again. The only way I'd lived with it was by convincing myself that John — while he'd been staying with Yvonne — had done something that he equally had to keep back from me. Now, he'd come clean about that, I didn't even have that defence to fall back on.

Quest: You didn't consider concealing it then?

Consultant: No, in truth, I welcomed the opportunity of coming out with it all. I wanted us to have no secrets again. It was that that was turning me on. That and John's interest in it all.

Quest: How much did John want to know?

Consultant: John wanted to know *every* detail. How Larry undressed me, what he'd taken off first and last, what he'd touched first, how he'd stroked my breasts, how he'd played with my nipples, how he'd touched my pussy — did he play with my lips, did he stroke my clitoris, did he put any fingers inside me?

Quest: Where were you during all this?

Consultant: In bed in our hotel. We'd have been arrested if we'd been outside! It was the most embarrassing thing that's ever happened to me, and the most on-turning.

Quest: What particularly embarrassed you?

Consultant: John wanted to know if Larry had made me come. At first I wouldn't say, because I do think that's special. But John insisted and insisted, so I told him the truth. It had only happened once, the sort of deep climax I'd first had with John. I didn't count the little climaxes I got when someone was moving inside me, or stroking me in the right way. Then, even worse, he wanted to know how Larry had had intercourse with me — was he fast or slow, had he said anything when he'd come, and — what I'd been waiting for all along — what was his penis like! Was it smooth, veiny, *big*? I kept saying I hadn't noticed, which was a lie, of course! John would not let up. So eventually I said. 'It was very smooth, and it had a top like a fireman's hat, and it was about as thick as yours is usually, but — if you really *must* know — it was about an inch longer.'

Quest: How did John react?

Consultant: He didn't for a second. I thought, 'That's it. Now he'll throw me out.' Instead he threw back the sheet, and I saw the size of *his* erection. It looked as if he'd made up the extra inch *and* some! And he just leapt on me, tore off my dressing gown — and ravished me. He had me and had me until I had to beg him to stop because I couldn't come any more.

Quest: Was this a lasting improvement?

Consultant: I should say so, John was a changed man. I know he now had his business worries sorted out, but it was much more than that. By the end of our week away, I'd relived my every encounter with Larry in conversation with John. Every time it had the same effect on him. It was, if anything, better than when we'd first started sleeping together — more energy, more commitment and a better understanding of what turned the other on.

Quest: Did John ever urge you to repeat your infidelity?

Consultant: No, he isn't like that. I don't think he ever imagined watching me with the milkman from a handy wardrobe or anything. With Larry, I think we both knew that would be my last extra-marital fling, even though we weren't then married. If either of us strayed now I think it would be a very different matter. It would undo all the good that that bit of honesty did for both of us.

Quest: But you'd recommend a touch of unfaithfulness to solve relationship problems?

Consultant: I'd recommend *confession* — with the right man.

Quest: Thank you.

FREE

SMOOTH AS SILK VIBRATOR

WHEN YOU BUY OUR FULL COLOUR SEX TOYS CATALOGUE FOR ONLY £2.50

THAT'S 1/2 Price

ALL ENQUIRIES PHONE MR PATRICK
☎ 01-519 5736 ☎

Private Lines, 627 Forest Road, Walthamstow, London E17 4NE

Callers Welcome : Mon-Sat 9.30 - 6pm (Fri 8pm)

SEX SHOPS—LONDON (Sth) 14 Bourne Rd, (Bexley Village) Bexley ★ 1539 London Rd, Norbury SW16 ★ 19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18 **BARNSLEY** 3 Doncaster Rd. **BLACKBURN** 71 Darwen St. **BRIGHTON** 11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** 76 West St. **CHATHAM** 18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** 167 Moulsham St. **CHESTERFIELD** 528 Sheffield Rd. **COLCHESTER** 74 Butt Rd. **CROYDON** 109a Church St. **DARLINGTON** 91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** 61 Osmaston Rd. **EXETER** Private shop 133 Fore St. **GLOUCESTER** 178a Barton St. **GRIMSBY** 189 Grimsby Rd. **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** 193 London Rd. **KETTERING** 25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** 41 Norfolk St. **LEICESTER** 116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** 68 High St. **LUTON** 74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** 77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** 54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** 55 Northdown Rd. **NEWCASTLE** 56 Westmorland Rd. **OLDHAM** 95 Huddersfield Rd. **READING** 108 Southampton St. **ROTHERHAM** 3/5 Rawmarsh, Parkgate **SHREWSBURY** 40 Wyle Cop **WEST BROMWICH** 19 Bull St., Ringway **YORK** 5 Scarcroft Rd.

LS1

Licensed by the appropriate Local Authority

Please rush me, under Plain Cover, the Catalogue and my **Free Vibrator**. I enclose £2.50 Cash/Cheque /PO made payable to M.O.Division, adding your name and address to the reverse.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

____________________ Postcode ____________________

I am over 18 ____________________ Signed

Private Lines, Dept MF
627 Forest Road, Walthamstow, London E17 4NE

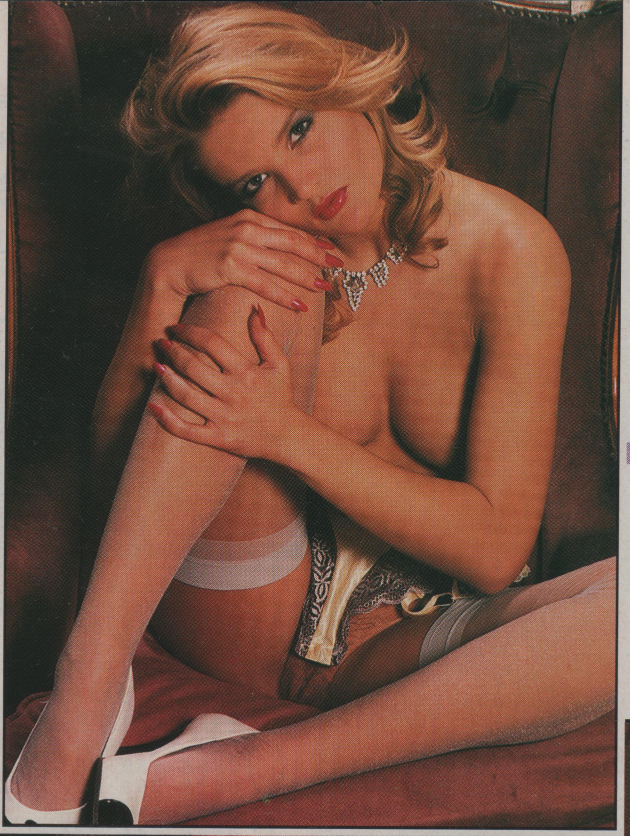
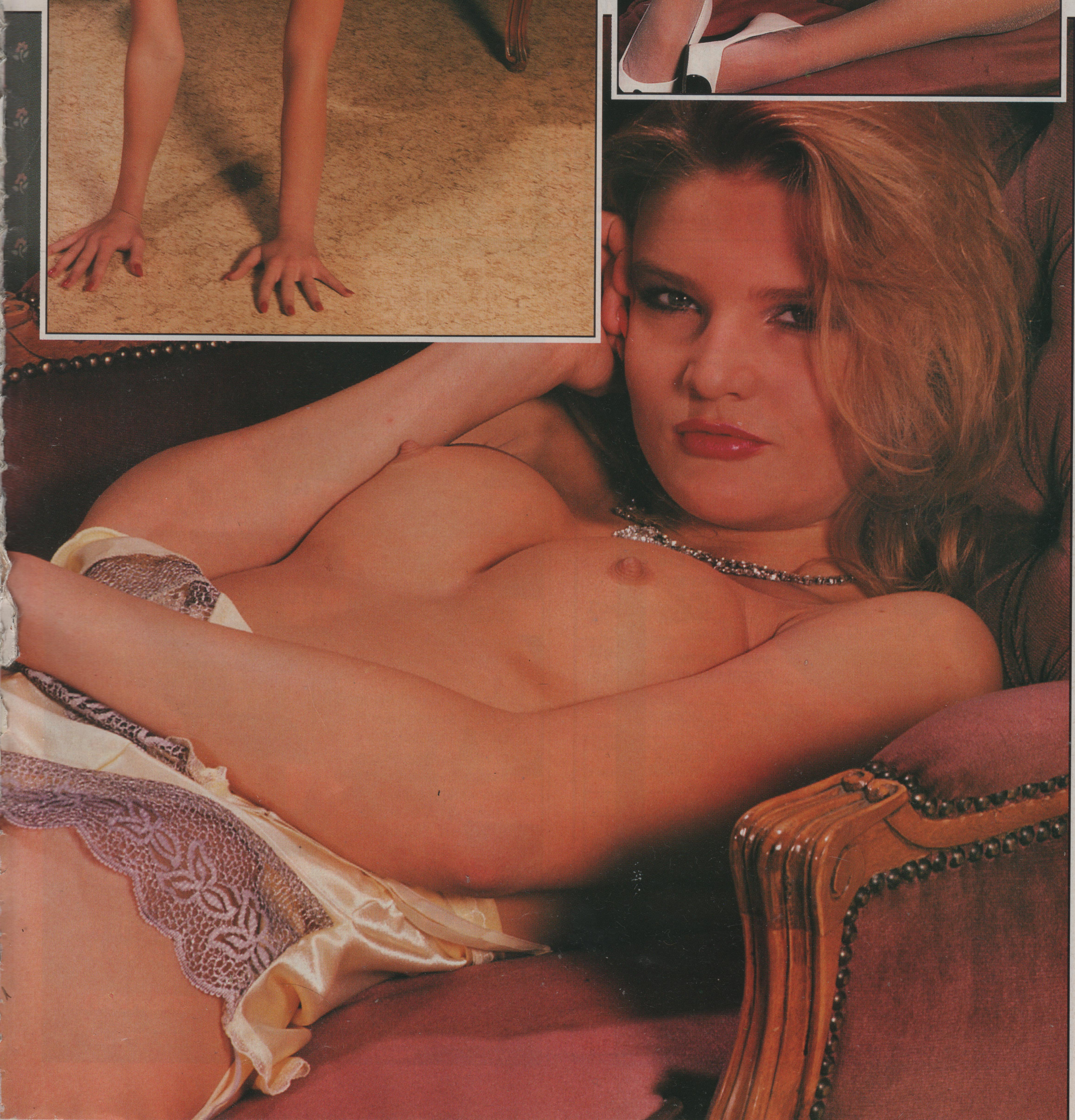
City Trading Ltd. Reg. No. 2174586

SUSANNA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALAN WALTON

'On the list of all-time fantasy figures, I reckon I come about third,' says 26-year-old Susanna Dean of her career in the movies. Sadly she is not some budding starlet, but she still appears regularly at a well known South London Cinema complex — as an usherette. 'Only air hostesses and maids appeal more to most men,' she says.

Even without fantasy figure standing, her 34-22-34 frame, more usually hidden behind an ice-cream tray, would have guaranteed Susanna a place in our pages. 'I quite enjoy my work,' she says, 'though I prefer the hot dog adverts to any of the films. They're so much sexier, I always think. Don't you honestly agree?'

A — CTION ALL THE WAY! 0898·333·233 0898·555·373
B — ANNED ABROAD! 0898·333·133 0898·555·222
C — ALL ME NOW! 0898·555·369 0898·555·343
J — UST FOR YOU! 0898·555·398 0898·555·351
K — INKY CAPERS! 0898·555·375 0898·555·310
L — ET'S GET TOGETHER! 0898·555·301 0898·555·311
S — AUCY · SPICY · SEXY! 0898·555·320 0898·555·330
T — AKE ME TO THE PEAK! 0898·555·300 0898·555·349
U — NREVEALED SECRETS! 0898·555·377 0898·555·355

THE · FIRST · AND · ONLY
EROTIC A TO Z

D — EEP DELIGHT! 0898·555·777 0898·555·306
E — URO EROTICA! 0898·555·333 0898·555·315
F — UN ON THE 'PHONE'! 0898·333·111 0898·555·380
G — ET SOME IN! 0898·333·100 0898·555·364
H — ELLO I'VE BEEN WAITING! 0898·333·123 0898·555·334
I — NSIDE STORIES! 0898·333·122 0898·555·386
M — AKE THE MOST OF ME! 0898·555·366 0898·555·393
N — AUGHTY NIGHTS! 0898·555·312 0898·555·363
O — PEN FOR YOU! 0898·555·388 0898·555·303
P — ERFECTLY PROPORTIONED! 0898·555·305 0898·555·390
Q — UICK OFF THE MARK! 0898·555·317 0898·555·360
R — EVELATIONS FOR YOU! 0898·555·384 0898·555·391
V — IXENS! 0898·555·350 0898·555·370
W — ANTON WOMEN! 0898·555·336 0898·555·382
X — XXX.......! 0898·555·371 0898·555·381
Y — OUNG LUST! 0898·555·396 0898·555·308
Z — AP IT TO ME! 0898·555·323 0898·555·361

Calls 25p per minute off peak, 38p peak.
A SERVICE FROM J.W. NIJHOLT (U.K.) LTD.

Striptease Glamour Videos

EXCELLENT PICTURE QUALITY
1 HOUR TAPE £16.
Any 2 titles £30.
Any 3 £45 p.f.
90 min. versions £25 each.
VHS or BETA.
Prompt despatch.
ALL MODELS OVER 18
NEW MODELS WANTED

1. UNIFORMS NO 1. Includes various routines with P.E. kit, Gymslips etc.
2. PLASTIC PLEASURES Mk 1. Featuring PVC costumes - catsuits, basques, minis, thigh boots etc.
3. LINGERIE SPECIAL. Satin, silk & lace - basques, baby dolls, negligees, G-strings, suspenders, and much more.
4. UNIFORMS 2. Crisp new uniforms worn for just a little while by delectable new girl Susie.
5. FANTASY STRIP SPECIAL. Nurse, Secretary, Housewife, French Maid and many more.

VX1
PLEASE SEND ME THE FOLLOWING VIDEOS Nos
NAME..........................
ADDRESS..........................
I am over 18. I enclose cash/ PO or cheque made payable to:
JADE (MAIL DIRECT) PO BOX 130 PLYMOUTH PL1 1RY

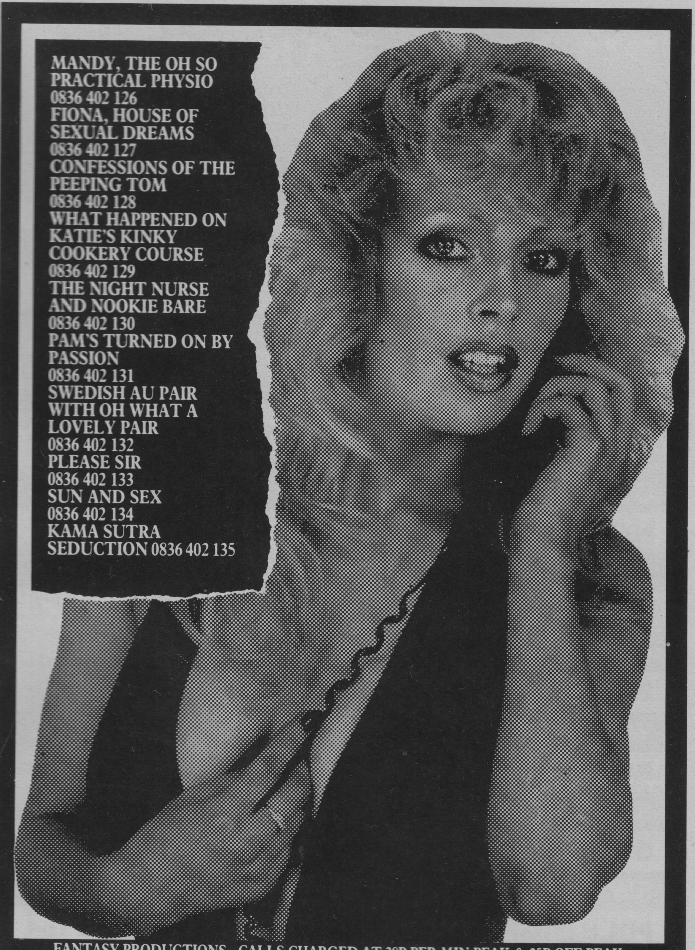
DEBEE ASHBY 'PARTY GAMES' 0836 • 400 • 832
LINZI DREW 'HOT NIGHTS' 0836 • 400 • 829

NEW!

TRACY KIRBY 'HOT NIGHTS' 0836 402 957
RANDY MANDY'S 'BIRTHDAY TREAT' 0836 400 814
RANDY HOUSEWIVES 0836 400 940
STOCKINGS & SUSPENDERS 0836 400 941
FIONA AND SARA 0836 400 866
THE RIDING SCHOOL!! 0836 400 914
BANGKOK BEDROOM 0836 400 903
BETTY THE BARMAID 0836 400 860
SWEDISH SECRETS 0836 400 884
HITCH A RIDE 0836 400 812

VERY NAUGHTY NIGHT LINES!!
AFTER 9PM 0836 400 850
AFTER 9PM 0836 400 870
AFTER 12AM 0836 400 826
AFTER 2AM 0836 400 821
AFTER 4AM 0836 400 926

ADULT UPDATES 0836 400 800 & 0836 400 900
CALLS CHARGED AT 38P PER MINUTE PEAK & 25P OFF PEAK
BESTRICH LTD PO BOX 1073 LONDON W1



FANTASY PRODUCTIONS · CALLS CHARGED AT 38P PER MIN PEAK & 25P OFF PEAK

Mayfair is anxious that services offered by advertisers should meet with the approval of readers. For this reason, comments on any advertised services would be welcome. Please address any comments that you may have to The Editor, *Mayfair*, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. It is important that you supply us with your full name and address, so that we may inform you of our findings. Your name and address will not be disclosed to anyone without your express written permission

FANTASY PHONING

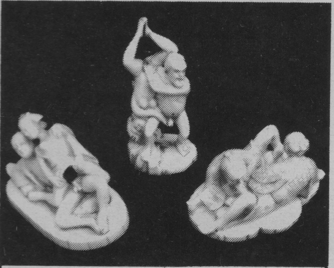
ANITA THE ESCORT
0836 402 116
AU PAIR GIRL
0836 402 117
RICH BITCH
0836 402 118
BIKER GIRL
0836 402 119
MISS DOMINANT
0836 402 120
JACKIE
0836 402 121
FUN & FANTASY
0836 402 122
OVER 21
0836 402 123
COME WITH ME
0836 402 124
PINK PUSSY CAT
0836 402 125

Fantasy productions: calls charged at 25p per min; 38p per min peak

MORE FANTASY PHONING

BLACK STOCKINGS
0836 402 136
ADULTS ONLY
0836 402 137
SEX HOT LINE
0836 402 138
STRIP FOR SUSIE
0836 402 139
TALKING RUDE
0836 402 140
XXX LINE
0836 402 141
DIAL A GIRL
0836 402 142
CALL CAROL
0836 402 143
LEATHER LADY
0836 402 144
SUSPENDERS
0836 402 145

Fantasy Productions. Calls charged at 25p per min off peak, 38p per min peak



EROTIC FIGURES

Classic Oriental imitation ivory figures depicting the erotic art of lovemaking.

Super gift for you loved one or to form a collection reminding you of the night before.

Start collecting your sets now (most positions available) send cheque or postal order made payable to: Art Supplies, to: PO Box 402, West Mersea, Essex, CO5 8XP

Large size approx 4"x4"
£4.95 each plus 50p p&p

Small size appox 1½"x1½"
£1.95 each plus 25p p&p

Outside UK add 20% for p&p
Enclose s.a.e. for free catalogue
Allow 28 days for delivery, subject to availability

Art Supplies 12 Rainbow Road, West Mersea, Essex, CO5 8RE

"DO YOU LIKE BIG ONES ?"

THEY DON'T COME BIGGER THAN THIS !!
11½" x 16½" to a MASSIVE 64" x 56"
Yes real whoppers on your wall
POSTERS IN STUNNING FULL COLOUR
JUST SEND US YOUR FAVOURITE PICTURE

a) Magazine Cuttings (Your favourite Miss etc)
b) Photographs (Holiday snaps etc)
c) "Anything " ......and we will make it BIGGER

" We know you've got 'em, so let us have 'em ! "

Post coupon to : PHOTOSCAN, P.O. Box 705, Wareham, Dorset BH20 7YA

Name ....
Address..
Post Code........................Tel. No. ....

PLEASE AVOID TORN OR CREASED PICTURES

(Example) Number back of picture	Picture No.	QTY	Total	MF
Your Picture [No.4] Tick Box [✓] 11½ x 16½ £ 3.50	No. 4	1 only	£3	50p
11½" x 16½" only £3.50				
16½" x 23½" only £4.50				
23½" x 33½" only £6.95				
33" x 34 " only £10.95				
56 " x 64" only £35.95				
Poster sizes may vary slightly according to size of original	TOTAL			

ALL PRICES INCLUDE VAT, POSTAGE AND PACKING
CHEQUES / POSTAL ORDERS MADE PAYABLE TO PHOTOSCAN AMOUNT £ :
OR DEBIT MY ACCESS / CARD No.
Expiry Date of card ....
Signature..........................

PHOTOSCAN
POSTERS ANY SIZE, ALSO PHOTO PRINTED STATIONERY
For further details phone (09295) 6879 Fax (09295)54503

LADY OF PARIS

beautiful lingerie,
are giving away an open-crotch

FISHNET BODY-STOCKING

in the colour of your choice
with every copy of our sizzling, erotic

LINGERIE CATALOGUE

Send only £5.00 p+p (refundable) for our incredible, colour catalogue. Over 500 breathtaking shots in 84 pages of the most erotic fashions available anywhere — and demand a FREE open-crotch Fishnet Body-Stocking in the colour of your choice. Choose from black, red, white or blue. Free Body-Stocking with each catalogue — send for as many catalogues as you wish and pass them on to friends.

Send to: Lady of Paris, (Dept 30), Roman Way
Coleshill, Birmingham B45 1RL. A Division of Yago Holdings.

Fabulous "Simper" outfit (pictured). A classical, erotic creation in slinky, sexy, black wet-look clinging Cire £16.25 (one size fits all). Catalogue and Free Body Stocking included.

To: Lady of Paris, (Dept 30), Roman Way, Coleshill, Birmingham B46 1RL

Name____________________

Address____________________

Postcode____________________

Please send me (Qty)______ Lady of Paris Catalogue/s and Free Fishnet Body Stockings in (colour/s)______ (Refs UP001/E010R/E024R)

Please send me (Qty) ______ Simper outfit/s and (Qty)______Free Catalogue/s and Free Fishnet Body-Stocking/s in colour/s) ______(Ref P327)

☐ I enclose CHQ/PO/CASH* (Registered only) to value of £______

☐ Please debit my credit card a/c (type)______

Card No.____________________

*Delete as appropriate

Expiry Date ______

PHONE FANTASIES

(DIAL FOR ACTION)

DANISH HOT LINE	0836 402 146
RIDE MY BICYCLE	0836 402 147
TALK NAUGHTY TO ME	0836 402 148
HOLIDAY DESIRES	0836 402 149
TELEPHONE TEASE	0836 402 150
SLIM BODIES	0836 402 151
DISCO CHICK	0836 402 152
DREAM FANTASY	0836 402 153
NOW I WANT YOU	0836 402 154
SAUCY SEXY SUE	0836 402 155
XXX HOT LINE	0836 402 156
RANDY MANDY	0836 402 157
BLACK STOCKINGS	0836 402 158
WAYWARD WANDA	0836 402 159
ROUGH AND READY	0836 402 160
KITCHEN CAPERS	0836 402 161
BIRD ON THE WIRE	0836 402 162
SWEDISH HOT LINE	0836 402 163
MILE HIGH CLUB	0836 402 164
BENIDORM BARMAIDS	0836 402 165

FANTASY PRODUCTIONS. CALLS CHARGED AT 38P PER MINUTE PEAK AND 25P OFF PEAK

Everything in this ad is

FREE!

That's right if you're eighteen years of age or older, you can take advantage of this tremendous time limited offer! If you want to experience the sexual adventure of a lifetime then don't miss our FULLY ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF EROTICA. And all you have to do is send us your name and address and we'll take care of the rest. But that's not all, just take a look at what we'll send you —

FREE CATALOGUE OF EROTICA — page after page of exotic aids, sensual persuaders, super hot books and magazines, and some very special sexual surprises that are just not available anywhere else.

FREE SAMPLE OF ENDROS — the all-new male-scented men's cologne that contains pheromones — the "secret weapon" women just cannot resist.

FREE GIFT CERTIFICATE — when you purchase your first order just enclose this certificate and we'll send along a specially selected gift absolutely free!

So hurry now — if you want to become a more successful lover we've got the answer! Just send us your name and address with your signature and verification that you are eighteen years or older to:

Valentine Products (M.O.) Ltd.
PO Box 68, Dept FC
West Drayton,
Middx. UB7 OBR

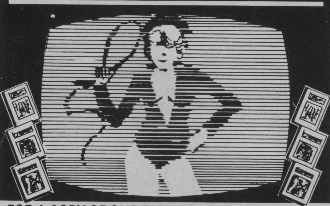
LOVE AIDS Catalogue

"At last a brochure designed to help equate the physical problems encountered in marriage".
Write or call for our 40 page colour catalogue. Plus Free Vibrator
Send only **£3.00.** (Refundable)
FREE ★★★★★ VIBRATOR!!
FACTORY & PARTY PLAN AGENTS REQ.
HOUSE OF PAN 420
Unit 18, Roman Way, Coleshill, Birmingham B46 1RL. TEL (0675) 62528

THIS BASQUE IS FREE!

With every copy of our stunning full colour lingerie catalogue containing 130 breathtaking photographs.
Send only £3p·p (refundable with first order) for catalogue and free basque to:-
LADY OF PARIS (Dept 19),
67, SMALLBROOK,
QUEENSWAY,
BIRMINGHAM
B5 4HX.
Credit Card Orders Tel: (0675) 62528 24 Hours
Return ad to qualify for this offer
Lady of Pans Prop Yago Holdings Ltd
Trade and Party Planners welcome

Free NAUGHTY VIDEOS



FOR A COPY OF OUR FULL COLOUR CATALOGUE CONTAINING THE COMPLETE RANGE OF THE BEST IN ADULT VIEWING PLUS A FREE VIDEO OF **THE WHIPCRACK SISTERS**
(STATE VHS OR BETA)
SEND ONLY £5.00 P+P Ref. UB/V TO:-
HOUSE OF PAN 22 COLESHILL, BIRMINGHAM B46 1RL
ORDERS BY PHONE (0675) 62528/467043
RETURN AD OR QUOTE DEPT 22 WHEN ORDERING TO QUALIFY FOR THIS AMAZING OFFER

DUREX

36 FETHERLITE	£7.20
36 NUFORM	£7.45
36 FIESTA	£6.70
36 BLACK SHADOW	£6.70
36 GOSSAMER **LUBRICATED**	£6.55
50 AEGIS **STIMULANT** OR **DELAY**	£8.99
50 AEGIS **ROUGH** OR **RIBBED**	£7.99
50 AEGIS **FRUIT FLAVOURED**	£9.99
50 AEGIS **TIGHT FIT**	£9.99
50 AEGIS **BIG BOY**	£8.99
SUPER VARIETY SELECTION PACK	£6.99

Return ad. with any order for **25 FREE** lubricated worth £5.00
AEGIS PRODUCTS. (421)
Coleshill, Birmingham B46 1RL
Credit Cards Tel: (0675) 62528 24 hours

FREE OFFER

SEXY CONTACTS 0898 654 500
FRUSTRATED LADIES CALL 0898 654 501
FOR SEXY GIRLS RING 0898 654 502
CONTACT UPDATE 0898 654 503
T.V. HELPLINE 0898 654 504
SEX MANIACS HOTLINE 0898 654 506
LONELY WIVES 0898 654 507
NAUGHTY KNICKERS 0898 654 508
GIRL TO GIRL 0898 654 509
STERN MISTRESS 0898 654 511
HOT, SEXY LADY 0898 654 512
AFTER 9PM HOT LIPS 0898 654 513
HANDS OFF! 0898 654 514
FRUSTRATED WOMEN 0898 654 516
SEXY INTROS 0898 654 517
DOMINANT GIRLS 0898 654 518
AFTER 10PM X-RATED 0898 654 519
CALLS CHARGED AT 38P PER MIN PEAK, 25P OFF PEAK

SUPER SAVERS SEX AIDS
SUPERIA
WE AIM TO PLEASE

1st CLASS SERVICE — For Her
1st FOR SATISFACTION — For Him

PERSONAL MASSAGERS

- 191 **Non-Doctor de luxe** complete with 4 heads and 3 sleeves - **top value** £7.95
- 149 **Thruster** moves up-and-down and vibrates for added sensation £8.95
- 152 **Finger & Thumb** twists and vibrates for double pleasure £9.25
- 155 **Pearl Driver** exciting new sensations from rotating beaded shaft and side mounted featherlite 'flick' clitoral vibrator £23.00
- 104 **De-Luxe Mini Mystique 6"** Gold Headed vibrator — fits purse or bag £5.30
- 106 **Torpedo** flexible and ribbed for maximum results. 10" long £8.75
- 107 **Bender** Flexible & Studded for a rough ride 8" long £7.50
- 108 **Firefly 9"** 'glowing' head vibrator — hot stuff! £7.60
- 111 **Slim Stim** narrow and smooth to go anywhere — 7½" long £3.95
- 117 **King Slim Stim** 9" of pleasure even longer and stronger £4.75
- 116 **Silver** headed with black hand grip — 8" long £5.75
- 128 **De-Luxe Gold Monster** vibrator 10" long with 5¼" circumference £8.25
- 130 **10" Standard** Vibrator 4" circumference £5.50
- 138 **De-Luxe 7"** Ivory Vibrator top seller — top value at £5.75
- 189 **'G' Spot** vibrator — slightly flexible and curved to reach that magic spot £9.95
- 730 **Duo Balls** (or Ben-Wa) for vaginal stimulation when moving £4.95
- 731 **Super Soft Duo Balls** £5.95
- 729 **Vibrating Duo Balls** (motorised) £7.95
- 779 **Butterfly** strap into the crutch for clitoral stimulation — can be worn at almost anytime £6.95
- 786 **Vaginal Douche** — the very popular British made model for vaginal rinsing £7.95

DILDO'S (Prosthetics) add 'B' for black

- 184 **Vibrating Dildo** — 5" circumference hand held £9.50
- 345 **Standard Dildo** — as 184 but non-vibrating £7.95
- 345L **Standard Dildo** 10" long (5¾" circumference) £8.75
- 346 As 345 with ejaculating action £10.95
- 348 As 345 but pump version £11.95
- 358 **Bully Boy** dildo 10" long — 5¾" circ. with built in vibrator £10.75
- 338 **Strap-on Dildo** with scrotum £15.50
- 339 As 338 with ejaculating action £17.50
- 340 As 338 but vibrating model £17.50
- 343 **Double Strap on Dildo** £20.75
- 344 As 343 but vibrating model £22.75
- 365 **Double Dong** 16-17 inches of double ended pleasure — very flexible £12.95
- 366 As 365 but vibrating model £14.95
- 506 **LEWDO The board game that's strictly for the very broad-minded. For two or more players** £7.00

- 212 **Penis Developer** Chartham method with instructions, 'Penis Enlargement' booklet and exercise cream top value — all for only £10.75
- 576 **The Penis** Dr. Richards best selling book on every aspect £5.95
- 233 **Penis Stretch** additional aid for use with the Penis Developer £3.25
- 219 **Vibrating Vagina** — when you are on your own it's the next best thing £17.50
- 240 **Pulsator** pump up vibrating male stimulator £16.95
- 242 **Auto Comforter** — a sensational new massager with internal 'stroke' action and 'nose' vibrator £18.95
- 247 **Climactor** a handy small vibrating massager with 'screw' profile £11.50
- 272 **Super Lady** A quality German pure latex blow-up doll by 'Vital' ...£395.00
- 262 **Latex/Vinyl Doll** as 222 but holds up to 200lb in weight £40.00
- 263 **Wonder Doll** in Latex/Vinyl -- has many extra features £65.00
- 225 **Male Sex Doll** blow-up plastic doll with 7½" erect penis £26.00
- 772 **Menfit** A specially designed ring to help men maintain an erection £3.50
- 765 **Jack Strap** (Arab Strap) in soft leather for that eye-catching crutch bulge £5.25
- 882B **Posing Pouch** Wet-look Black £2.95
- 885 " " Leopard £3.25
- 891 " " Black Fishnet £3.50
- 894R " " See Through Red £3.00

CREAMS AND SPRAYS

- 441 **Oralube** — Banana £2.25
- 442 " Chocolate £2.25
- 443 " Strawberry £2.25
- 446 **Love Lube** water based sexual lubricant 60cc bottle £1.50
- 450 **Action Spray** for men £2.95
- 453 **Delay Spray** for men £2.95
- 457 **Pussy Cream** £2.50
- 464 **TNT Cream** for men £2.50
- 467 **Nipplevite** £2.50
- 481 **Ginseng** Capsules £2.50
- 488 **Top Stop** Cream for men £2.50
- 492 **Heat Sugar** £1.50

ANY 3 CREAMS/SPRAYS FOR ONLY £6.00

SEDUCTIVE LINGERIE
(B = black R = red)

- 800R **Open Crutch Panties** Min. 85% Nylon £1.75
- 810B **Seamed Stockings** 3 quality pairs - 100% Nylon £2.25
- 843B **French Knickers** - 100% Nylon See-through £4.00
- 852R **Bra & Brief Set** - 100% Nylon Open front & crutch £7.00
- 864 **Maid Set** 100% nylon £14.50
- 865 **Nurses Uniform** - pulses rise! Body: 60% Polyester/40% Nylon £14.00
- 845 **Wet Look Playsuit** 80% Nylon/ 20% Lycra, shoestring strap and snap fastening crutch £8.50
- 867 **Wet Look Playsuit** 100% Nylon, open-breasted, halter-neck and centre strap £9.75
- 868 **Wet Look Micro Skirt** 100% Polyamide, wrap-over velcro variable waist size fastening £14.50

Superia Supplies Ltd. Dept. M2, PO Box 424, Hove, E. Sussex, BN3 1EU
Registered in England 1675538 Established 1970
Registered Office: 9 Brunswick Street West, Hove, East Sussex, BN3 1EU
NO CALLERS. All enquiries to P.O. Box No.

DUREX — CONDOMS — GERMAN

- 24 **Safe Play** Natural £3.75 ☐
- 24 **Elite** ultra sensitive £5.00 ☐
- 24 **Gold** extra long - no teat £6.00 ☐
- 24 **Nuform** extra safe £4.50 ☐
- 24 **Fetherlite** extra fine £4.00 ☐
- 24 **Gossamer** lubricated £4.25 ☐
- 24 **Allergy** anti allergy £4.50 ☐
- 24 **Black Shadow** all black £5.00 ☐
- 24 **Arouser** ribbed £5.00 ☐
- 24 **ABC Double Sure** £4.50 ☐
- 24 **Conture-Naturform** £4.50 ☐
- 24 **Long Love** £4.00 ☐
- 24 **Stud Ride** £5.00 ☐
- 36 **Amor Coloured** £3.90 ☐
- 36 **Amor All Black** £3.90 ☐
- 36 **Samples** of above & Durex £6.75 ☐

All condoms we sell have been electronically-tested.

FREE CATALOGUE of sex aids, lingerie, latexwear and contraceptives with **all** orders (or send stamp). No mailing list kept.
Foreign orders welcome — please add 20% for Overseas postage.
Foreign personal cheques not accepted. Giro 3164853
I am over 18. Please rush me the item(s) listed, post free under plain cover.

Enter code in box

I enclose PO/Cheque for £ ....
NAME Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms ....
....
.... POSTCODE ....

SUPERIA SUPPLIES LTD. DEPT. M2, PO BOX 424, HOVE, EAST SUSSEX, BN3 1EU

LETTERS

continued from page 8
£1.75, and your offer to save a bob or two is too good to miss so I've signed up for a year. Thanks again.
RA, Edinburgh

Female initiative

Two articles in Vol 24 No 4 — how well-known personalities lost their virginity, and a *Quest* interview with a woman who deflowered a young man — brought back memories to me.

My first time was not very memorable — a quick grope and a roll on my boyfriend's bed when his parents were out.

However, my real reason for writing it to tell how I initiated a young lad into the wonderful world of sex.

It happened about six years ago when I was 24, and Keith, the younger brother of a friend, was 19. I thought he was very attractive, if a little shy, but I'd decided he was too young for me.

I was on my way home from work early one afternoon when I bumped into Keith, and we walked along together. When we reached his parents' house I asked to use the loo — I was bursting. Keith invited me in, and, when I came down from the bathroom, he offered me a cup of tea, which I accepted, and we went and sat in the lounge.

As we talked I noticed Keith looking at my breasts, so I began to make exaggerated movements to make them bounce. By the way he kept crossing his legs, I guessed he was trying to hide an erection, so, being a natural tease, I asked for another cup of tea, and couldn't help enjoying his efforts to disguise his bulging fly as he walked out.

I enjoy men looking at my body, and the knowledge that Keith obviously fancied me as much as a I fancied him, started to get me aroused. My nipples were beginning to stand up and show through my shirt — it was summer and I wasn't wearing a bra. Keith came back with my tea obviously more in control of himself, but as soon as he spotted my nipples he quickly became uncomfortable again, and this time the bulge in his trousers was quite noticeable.

By now I was feeling very randy. I decided Keith's cock was preferable to my own finger at home, and that he was too shy to make the first move. So I asked him if he always got so excited drinking tea. The poor lad just blushed and went speechless. Then he watched in amazement as I began to unbutton my shirt. 'There,' I said, showing him my swollen nipples, 'it does the same to me.'

Grinning at him, I took my shirt off, kicked off my sneakers and pulled off my jeans. Then I knelt down in front of him in just my knickers, unbuckled his belt and started to undress him. Poor Keith nearly jumped out of his chair as I touched him, and obviously didn't know where to look, but he still sat there, letting me do what I wanted.

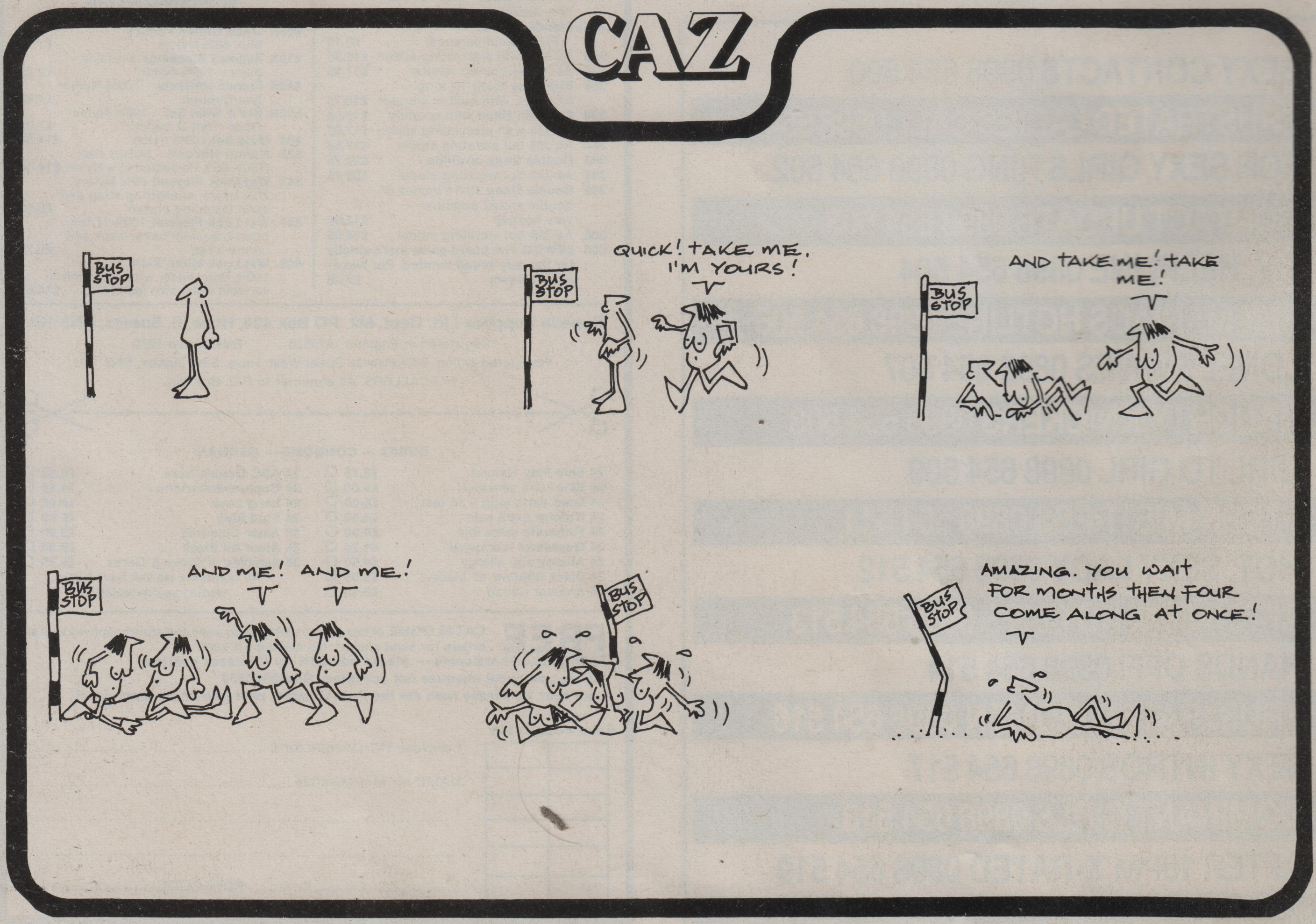
He was so worked up that as soon as his cock popped out of his pants he came at once. I told him not to worry about it and went on easing off his pants. When he was naked I stroked him back to his full glory, and then let him fondle my boobs and lick my nipples. Then I pushed down the front of my knickers and showed how him I liked my clit stimulated.

Up to now he had hardly said a word, but now he said, 'I like the way your slit is so easy to see.' I told him that was because I was so blonde, and slipped my knickers off completely to let him get a better look. 'You're so wet,' he said, fondling me. He seemed so surprised I asked him if his girlfriends usually got as wet as I did. He looked sheepish, so I asked if he was a virgin. As he blushed, I smiled and told him he wouldn't be a virgin for much longer.

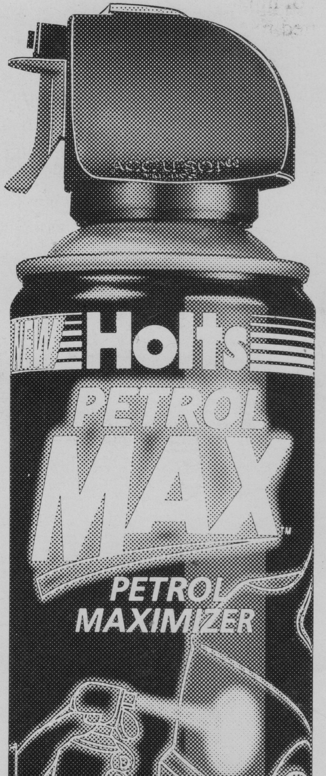
I took some cushions from the chairs and put them on the floor to support my bottom and back. Then I lay down on them and invited Keith to kneel between my knees. He leaned forward on top of me, and I guided him into my opening. I was very slippery and he slid into me easily, and lay still for a moment. Then, without any prompting, he began to thrust into me. As his thrusts got stronger, his cock seemed to grown until he felt enormous inside me.

By this time my climax was starting, and, my pussy muscles went into spasms of pleasure. He groaned and began to jerk into me fiercely. As our climaxes ended, I felt wonderfully full and satisfied. We lay together for ages. But eventually we had to part as Keith's parents would soon be home from work. As we said goodbye, I told him, 'I'm glad you liked it — you had a better first time than me.'

Afterwards I was often tempted to suggest another session, but I decided the age difference would create too many problems. Whenever we met, though, we always exchanged knowing smiles.
Miss CD, Southampton



A TUNE UP EVERY TIME YOU FILL UP



Is your car running as well as it should? Or could it do with a tonic?

Add a shot of new Petrol Max to your tank every time you fill up and you'll soon feel a difference.

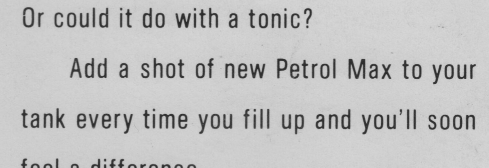
Petrol Max increases the strength and speed of combustion. Which means more power per gallon.

What's more, it protects and lubricates, burning harmful carbons clean away.

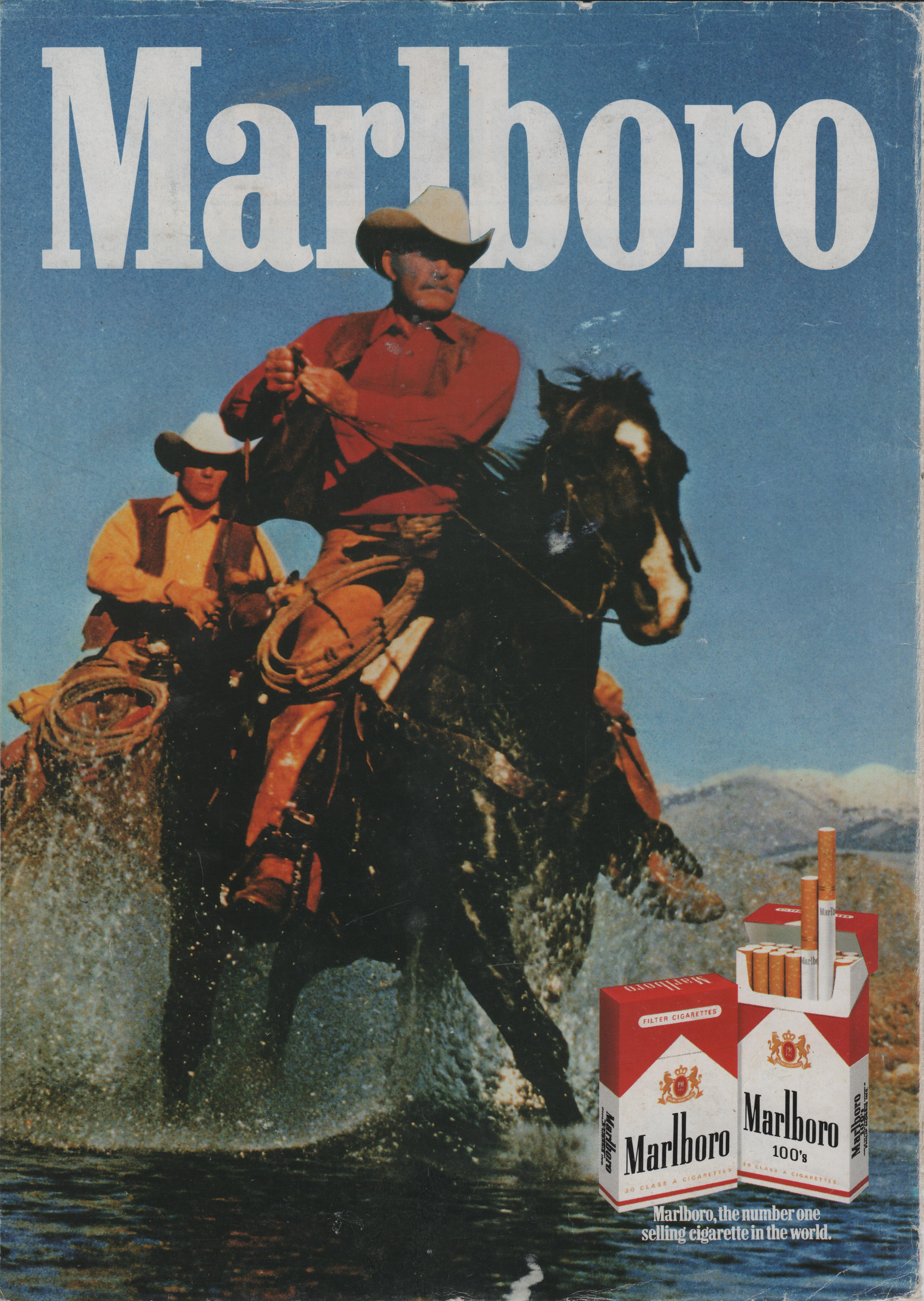
Give your engine a shot of new life with Holts Petrol Max.

IS YOUR CAR SLUGGISH, JADED, UNDERPERFORMING?

PETROL MAX GIVES YOUR ENGINE A SHOT OF NEW LIFE.



Holts


Marlboro
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
Marlboro
100's
Marlboro, the number one
selling cigarette in the world.